Classified Want Ads

BOSTON ADVERTISER

SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1940

MONEY TO LOAN

Loans for Easter shopping or to pay old bills

You can get a cash loan of $25 to $300 here on the friendly basis that has made Personal Finance Co. America's choice from Coast to Coast.

Ask No Favors

You don't have to ask others to sign with you here. Nor do you "sign over" your wages. Friends or employers are not notified.

How to Reduce Your Monthly Payments

By "lumping" *all* your bills or credit accounts into one place, you can usually cut way down the total of your monthly payments.

Simple to Get

If you can repay small monthly instalments—*which you select to fit your purse*—you should not hesitate to see us for a loan at once.

16 BOSTON AND SUBURBAN OFFICES

Boston—License 22—17 Tremont St. . *HAN 4134*
Boston—License 27—80 Boylston St. . *HUB 1720*
Brookline—License 199—266 Harvard Sq. *ASP 0081*
Cambridge—License 72—213 Hmn Ave. *KIR 2000*
Chelsea—License 115—425-431 Broadway *CHE 1866*
Dorchester—License 68—781 Dorlay Pk. . *COL 4878*
Everett—License 157—413 Broadway . *EVE 0132*
Malden—License 197—431 Main St. . *MALDEN*
Medford—License 129—10 High St. . *MYS 2000*
Newton—License 201—413 Washington St. *NEW 2320*
Quincy—License 128—1600 Hancock St. *QUI 2010*
Roslindale—License 206—47 Poplar St. . *PAR 0066*
Somerville—License 23—130 Dover St. . *SOM 3300*
Waltham—License 125—217 Moody St. . *WAL 1200*

LOOK FOR THE SQUARE ☐ BEHIND THE NAME

Personal FINANCE CO.

YOU CAN GET A LOAN OF $100
IF YOU CAN SET ASIDE $1.48 A WEEK

GUARANTEED PAYMENT TABLE — to make monthly payments of $6.41 each—see table

Cash Loan Need	Amount You Pay Back Each Month for Indicated Number of Months				Charges
	You ▼	6 mos.	12 mos.	16 mos.	20 mos.
$ 20	20	$ 3.54	$ 2.44	$ 1.87	$ 1.54
50	50	8.85	6.10	4.68	3.85
100	100	13.62	9.31	7.14	5.88
200	200	16.15	9.75	7.66	6.41
150	150	12.69	8.78	6.72	5.62
125	125	27.23	14.62	11.49	9.62
200	200	36.31	19.50	15.32	12.83
150	150	45.39	24.37	19.15	16.04
300	300	54.46	29.25	22.98	19.24

We guarantee the payments shown in this table to be the full amount you will pay back, and the payments are made on that schedule. The faster you pay, the less the total cost.

One price to all

These payments are calculated at Household's rate of 2½% per month which is less than the maximum permitted by the Small Loan Law and we guarantee *one* the same to everyone—one price to all. Only borrowers agree on extensions for any loan. No credit inquiries of friends or relatives. To apply, phone, write or visit most convenient office.

BOSTON—THREE OFFICES

600 Boylston Street—Cor. Tremont Entrance 560 Little Building
License No. 16 Phone: HUBbard 5844

29 Temple Place—Corner Washington 8th Floor, Blake Building
License No. 202 Phone: HUBbard 6142

110 Tremont Street—4th Floor, Suite 406, Scollay Building
License No. 253 Phone: LIBerty 0254

MOORLAND

At Coolidge Corner—1752 Beacon Street, 2nd Floor, Pierce Block
License No. 141 LONgwood 4471

CAMBRIDGE

678 Massachusetts Ave.—6th Fl., Central Sq. Bldg.
License No. 64 TROwbridge 8332

DORCHESTER

At Uphams Corner—398 Columbia Road, 2nd Floor License No. 142
COLumbia 4010

MALDEN

351 Main Street—2nd Floor License No. 6 MALden 7044

WALTHAM

▲282 Moody Street—2nd Floor License No. 135 WALtham 2304

Household also maintains offices in Lynn, Quincy, Lowell, Salem and Manchester, N. H.

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE CORPORATION

**Special quick service at these new offices*

LOANS
OR CASH PAID ON YOUR **DIAMONDS**
WATCHES, PLATINUM, GOLD AND JEWELRY

LIBERAL PRICES PAID FOR DIAMONDS, WATCHES
COLLATERAL LOAN TICKETS BOUGHT OR REFINANCED
Highest Valuations. No Waiting. Strictly Confidential
PRIVATE OFFICES
Licensed Bonded Collateral Brokers.
Prompt Attention to Mail Orders.
Est. 1894
Lower rates of interest over $100

SAGER BROS. & CO.
333 Washington St., 6th Floor

Elevator to 6th Floor

WE LEND on or buy diamonds, watches, gold coins, old gold, instruments, shotguns, cameras, typewriters, clothing. SHAW-SMITH LOAN CO., 311 Tremont St. Tab. 2358 Est. 1903.

WILL BUY OR GIVE LIBERAL LOANS on DIAMONDS—WATCHES—JEWELRY
CENTRAL LOAN CO., 535 WASH., ROOM 301

PERSONAL LOANS NATIONAL LOAN CO. BOSTON SOCIETY
294 WASH. ST., BOSTON. License No.

LOANS
SINGLE or MARRIED PEOPLE
$25 to $300
MONEY IN 1 DAY
1 to 20 Months to Repay
The better way to pay bills or make a purchase or refinance debts
$50 On Your Name Only—Quickly

PHONE – THEN COME IN AND GET YOUR MONEY

BOSTON: 383 Washington St. Room 407 LIBerty 5760 License 83
BOSTON: 10 Postoffice Sq. Room 824 LIBerty 5760 100 Mile St.
BOSTON: 31 St. James Ave. Room 1003 HANcock 7705
CAMBRIDGE: 631 Mass. Ave. TRO. 7705 License 169
Park Sq. Bldg. License 209
MALDEN: 6 Pleasant St. Room 308. MALden 6510. Dowling Building. License 15.
OTHER OFFICES LOCATED IN WALTHAM—QUINCY—HYDE PARK—ROSLINDALE

PUBLIC LOAN Corporation
A National Service Institution

LOANS
Granted to responsible individuals for emergency purposes, or to finance new purchases.

This service has been extended to the public for 52 continuous years at reasonable cost; 1% per month interest on unpaid balances plus initial charge. Call, write or phone Hub. 5060.

Chartered by
SPECIAL ACT OF LEGISLATURE
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
1888 A.D.
STATE OF N.Z.

WORKINGMEN'S LOAN ASSOCIATION
178 Tremont St., Boston
6th Floor

Now BORROW at LOWEST RATE in MASS.

LOANS ON DIAMONDS SILVER AND JEWELRY

YOU BORROW	YOU RECEIVE	TOTAL INTEREST PER MONTH REPAYABLE
$10.00	$10.00	$ .10
100.00	100.00	1.00
500.00	500.00	5.00

1% PER MONTH ON UNPAID BALANCE

- All collateral kept in safe deposit vaults A.D.T. protected.
- No Signatures. No Co-makers. No Credit Investigations.
- No Discounts or Initial Charges of any kind.
- Telephone HANcock 2379

DAWSON *Loans on Collateral*
28 PARK SQ. BUILDING BOSTON, MASS.

FOR SALE

126—Miscellaneous

FOR SALE—2½ volumes of modern American law. Fine condition. Col. 9438.

130—Refrigerators

ELECTROLUX refrigerator, perfect condition, $75. E. Olson, 132 Bartlett Av., Bel 2825.

REFRIGERATORS—5, 6, 7 CUBIC-FOOT, MODELS from $15-$20-$25 SEE, 714 Bost. Am. Comp.

135—Phonograph Records

RECORDS Late hits. Tony choice 15c & 5 Sons 840 Washington St

145—Dogs—Cats—Pets

PEDIGREED Scotties, Cocker Spaniels, Wire Fox Terriers, $20 under; 50 pups to choose from; dogs boarded. Golden Rule Kennels, 839 Mass. Ave., Arlington 3744.

135—Radio—Equipment

Resonance Auto Radios—Motorola, Philco, Zenith at $8 SEE 714 Mass Ave Comp 1700 48171

147—Poultry—Eggs

CHICK RAISERS profit by reading Poultry Tribune magazine; newest ideas on feeding, brooding, disease prevention, marketing; $1,000 cash prizes offered chick raisers; three years, $1; nine months' trial, 25c. POULTRY TRIBUNE, Dept C-106, Mount Morris, Ill.

DANCING

Novikoff Ballet school, formerly of Rhodes-Novikoff Imperial Ballet. Classes forming—Children-Adults, 12 Huntington Av., Kenmore 6681

3 Private BALLROOMS $1 LESSONS. 1 Trained St. Bos. 7330 | **IDEAL** SCHOOL, 177

MONEY TO LOAN

REAL ESTATE

80—Houses For Sale

DORCHESTER SINGLE, $3650
OPEN SUNDAY, 2-5
218 Pasadena Rd., off Neponset Cor.—8 rms., H.W. coal furnace; needs some repairs; with $100 down, carried on balance $19 per mo., incl. int., prin., taxes. Mr. Rose, Capitol 3095, Revs., GRanite 2383-R.

CAMBRIDGE 2-FAMILY $2950
59 FOURTH ST., near Lechmere Sq. 2nd floor, 5 rms., bath, enclosed H.W. heat; 1st floor, 4 rms., enclosed H.W. heat. Tenants over each month; low monthly payments. Owner, 6 Quincy, CAPitol 8095, Revs. Reading 1845-M.

Wollaston Bungalow, $4650
211 BOWDOIN ST., off Wilson Ave., near Beale; 6 rms., gar.; cash $1000, minimum down payment to reliable party. Will make some repairs. Owner, 6 Quincy, CAPitol 3095, Revs., GRanite 2383-R.

CAMBRIDGE 2-FAMILY
BRICK construction, 5 rms. and bath; sun parlor each; steam heat; gas range. Rent; foreclosure price $8500. GILES, KIR. 7340.

Dorchester Uphams Cor.—Income 10 rms., h. w. ht., gar., doctor's loc., hospital neighborhood. Owner, Ox. 8458.

82—Farms and Land for Sale

50-ACRE farm located seven miles east of Concord, N. H., in the town of Chichester, 10-room house with running water, electric lights, bathroom and hot air furnace; barn 40x80, all rebuilt for a two-story barn house, supplied with lights and water; mail delivery once a day from Concord; a most desirable view of many of Concord and part of the White Mountains; good roads the year round. For information write to L. J. Denis, R. F. D. 7, Concord, N. H., or to Penacook, N. H.

STROUT'S NEW 1940 CATALOG
The only complete guide to bargains in rural real estate—money-making farms, country homes, highway businesses—described 1432 bargains, many near cities, easy terms and money, write for early copy; free. Strout Realty, 6 Strout Realty Bldg., 310-B Old South Bldg.—LIBerty 2174.

CONN. Free Catalog! American Farm Agency, 17-BA, East 42d, St., New York.

OPPORTUNITIES

OPPORTUNITY
TO GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF
in a
Western Auto Associate Store

Western Auto Supply Company, Largest and most successful in its line, 21 years in business, has 4 sales volumes of 48 million dollars in 1939. We are now offering you an opportunity to own and operate a Western Auto Associate Store, either owned, in towns up to 20,000. There are over 1500 such stores in operation.

You can become the owner and operator of a "Western Auto Associate Store" for as little as $2,500 in the smaller towns, which pays for merchandise and fixtures and everything necessary to start business. We train you in our successful merchandising methods.

Western Auto Supply Co.
Associate Store Division
281 Rowland St.
Springfield, Mass.

OLD est. grocery and provision business in nearby town; also business block consisting of two stores and two 5-room brick set apt.; all mod. No brokers. Write Box 2, Hamilton, Mass.

For Sale—Estab. Lunch Business, 6-day week, does 6 p. m. in trade. Write Box A393, Sunday Advertiser.

AUTOMOTIVE

Hudson

HUDSON 1934 Tudor. We just received this car on trade. You'll be amazed at its good condition. See it today. Only **$95** HAROLD O'NEIL, 77 Broadway Ave. at Gallivan Blvd., Dor. COL. 4700.

Packard

28 Packard D. L. Convertible $795
Sedan. Chauffeur driven, radio, heater, white wall tires. HARVARD AVE. GARAGE, 87 Harvard St., Allston. STA. 0480. Open eves.

AUTOMOTIVE

200—Automobiles For Sale

TRUCK VALUES
Carefully Reconditioned and all Ready for Work

FORD DUMP $195
Perfect motor, hydraulic hoist, dual wheels, heavy springs, 12-inch 15-plate battery.

1940 1½-T. Cab & Chassis, 6-cyl. motor, heavy springs, A-1 motor; 12-mo. 15-plate battery. **$135**

'34 CHEVROLET Cab & Chassis, dual wheels, heavy springs. **$135**

'37 CHEVROLET 1½-ton stake, rack body, very low mileage; formerly owned in Harvard's leading Home and chemical Dept.; exceptionally well kept in all ways. **$385**

'39 CHEV. SEDAN DELIVERY $485
Built-in Reiss tires, paint, upholstery perfect; driven only 11,000 miles; like new.

'36 CHEVROLET 1½-Ton Stake, 131" W. B., new carriage, perfect working condition, new tires, tube and runs like new. **$265**

'30 CHEVROLET Sedan Delivery; here is a real buy for laundries, plumbers, florists, etc.; runs fine; car is ideal for business and pleasure. **$295**

COME AND LOOK — WE'LL HELP YOU BUY

HUB CHEVROLET CO. Massachusetts' Largest Chevrolet Dealer
FRANK EGAN—Used Car Manager
277 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., CAMBRIDGE TRO. 6400

DON'T DRIVE A SHABBY CAR

YOUR CAR COMPLETELY PAINTED $15 ANY SIZE

COLUMBIA Baked Enamel FINISH
Will restore even the Shabbiest Car to Brand New Sparkness
AN EXCLUSIVE PROCESS
Utilizes Modern Factory Methods and Methods Originated by Us.
EVERY JOB AT COLUMBIA
is tested smooth, covered scientifically correct and beautiful results including Body, Fenders, Wheels and Striping. There is only *One Low Price*
Guaranteed 1 Year

COLUMBIA AUTO PAINTING CO
"Largest in New England"
22 BRIGHTON STAdium AVE., BOSTON 3033

BAKER
WHYPAY MORE?
6 MONTHS
MECHANICAL GUARANTEE

'39 Ford 60 Tudor $480
'38 Ford Club Cabriolet 395
'38 Ford Station Wagon 610
'38 Ford Conv. Sedan 610
'38 Ford De L. Tudor 490
'38 Ford Club Coupe 475
'38 Ford De L. Tudor 435
'38 Ford 60 Coupe 360
'37 Ford Conv. Sedan 440
'37 Ford Club Cabriolet 425
'37 Ford Phaeton 415
'37 Ford Sedan Delivery 310
'37 Ford Fordor 375
'37 Ford Coupe 325
'37 Ford 60 Tudor 375
'36 Ford Cabriolet 325
'36 Ford De L. Fordor 295
'36 Ford De L. Coupe 275
'36 Ford Pick-up 215
'36 Ford Cabriolet 140
'34 Ford Fordor 125
'34 Ford Roadster 50
'39 Mercury Club Cabriolet 820
'38 Plymouth 2-Dr. Sedan 460
'38 Plymouth P. Coupe 395
'37 Zephyr 4-Dr. Sedan 475
'37 Pontiac Sedan 395
'37 Plymouth Sedan 390
'37 Chevrolet De L. Coupe 340
'36 Buick Sedan 360
'36 Dodge De L. Coupe 340

T. C. BAKER CO.
BROOKLINE VILLAGE
BEACON OPEN EVENINGS
5205 UNTIL 10:30

LOWEST PRICES
HIGHEST VALUES

'36 Olds. 6, 2-Dr. Tr. Sed. R. H. $295
'35 Olds. 8; 4-Door Sedan 215
'35 Pontiac 6; 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan 295
'35 Pontiac 6; 4-Door Sedan 215
'34 Pontiac 4-Dr. Sedan, as is. 95
'37 Ford 85; 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan 365
'36 Ford D. L. 2-Dr. Tr. Sedan 195
'34 Buick 47; 4-Dr. Sedan 195
'34 LaSalle 4-Door Sedan 295
'36 Hudson 2-Door Sedan 195
'36 Chev. M. De Luxe 4-Dr. Sed. 285

UNION MOTOR SALES, Inc.
8 Union Square SOMERVILLE
569 Mass. Ave. at Central Sq. Cambridge
PRO. 1050—2200

PORTER SQ. CHEVROLET
BEST BUYS IN BOSTON

'38 FORD 85, Trunk Sedan ... $385
'38 CHEVROLET 4-Door Sedan ... 565
'35 CHEVROLET 4-Door Sedan ... 265
'35 CHEVY Sport Roadster ... 295
'34 CHEV. De Luxe 2-Dr. Sedan 185
'33 STUDEBAKER 6, 4-Dr. Sedan 185
CARS SEEN TODAY
Your car is your security payment, regardless of year, make or model.
2055 MASS. AVE. KIR. 4400

CAMBRIDGE
BEARDON & WOODWARD

'37 Willys Coupe .. $225
'36 Pontiac 2-Door .. 335
'35 Chevrolet Coach 215

1936 COLUMBUS AVE. ROXBURY
HUB. 1050 OPEN EVES.

'39 Plymouth $495
TOURING SEDAN; this car has had but one owner. Large built-in trunk. Tires and paint O.K. This car is really unusually nice.

HUB CHEVROLET CO.
277 Mass. Ave., Cambridge
TRO. 6100—Open Evenings

OWN A NEW PLYMOUTH

This Model 40 Coupe for only $23.60 per month; with $100 down. Other models to choose from. See us for these extraordinary low terms.
PRINCETON MOTOR SALES, Inc.
De Soto-Plymouth Distributors
2357 Mass. Ave., cor. of Walden St.
Somerville. Som. 8383-8. Always open

'34 Lincoln 7-Pass. Sed. $260
Excellent condition throughout.
'36 Lincoln Zephyr Sed. $325
Radio, heater, a real value.
ARTHUR COOMBS CO.
1001 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
Stadium 6000

'37 PACKARD SEDAN
Original finish. White sidewall tires, looks and runs like new. **$465**
Commonwealth Chev. Co.
1065 Commonwealth Ave.
Open Eves. STA. 8500

HAROLD O'NEIL
DORCHESTER DODGE-PLYMOUTH DEALER SOLD 4 out of 5 cars advertised in the Record-American.

'39 PLYMOUTH CONV. COUPE
Radio, automatic top, black finish, white wall tires, like new, cost $645. **$465**
Boylston St. Ken. 4556.

'36 FORD FORDOR, $75
Down. Balance to suit. Will take small car in trade. CHEV., Boylston St. Ken. 9430. Open Evenings.

'37 Plymouth Sedan Delivery $395
Here's the cleanest one in Boston. CHELSEA SQ. CHEV., 850 Broadway, CHElsea 1800. Open Eves.

'37 PLYMOUTH, $150
Down. CONVERTIBLE COUPE. Balance to suit. Will take small car in trade. CON. 9430. Open Evenings.

1940 Pontiac Sed. $100 down. Low mileage. **1936** Ford V-8 Sedan. Sure bargains. Auto. Exchange, 1000 Comm. Ave. CON. 9430.

'39 DODGE TOURING SEDAN, De Luxe equipped. RR. STANLEY CAR CO. 1515. **$695**

'36 CADILLAC 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan. Radio and heater. An excellent value. CON. 9430. **$399**

'40 WILLYS; 3-YEAR GUAR. $100 DOWN. $24 MO. 39 MASS. AVE., ARL. 2626.

AUTOMOTIVE

200—Automobiles For Sale

SACRIFICE SALE
Must Make Room for New Model Trade-ins
$10 TAKES ONE AWAY

'39 PLYMOUTH TR. SEDAN ... $485
2-Pass. car, has slightly damaged radiator grille, driven only 11,000 miles; De Luxe equipment; this car is guaranteed like new in every way.

'39 OLDS. 6, 4-DR. TR. SEDAN ... $715
Every conceivable extra, radio, heater, defroster, 6-cyl. 4-Door Trunk Sedan, custom built; as driven only 4,000 miles, built to Olds. factory and dock, w.w. tires, super guards, custom dual horn, special wheel-o-la. Heavy ...

'39 PLYMOUTH 4-DR. TR. SED $725
Brand new car factory equipped. De Luxe model, radio, heater, w.w. tires, defrosters—an outstanding ...

'39 PLYMOUTH 4-DR. TR. SED $595
Radio, heater, defroster, w.w. tires, De Luxe equipped, driven only 5,000 miles, like new ...

'38 DESOTO D.L. 4-DR. TR. SED $595
'38 DODGE D.L. 4-DR. TR. SED $595
'37 PLYMOUTH 4-DR. TR. SED $395
De Luxe 2nd. radio, heater, defroster, spotlight, ...

PRINCETON MOTOR SALES
De Soto-Plymouth Distributors
SOMERVILLE
2357 Mass. Ave., Cor. Washington St. Open Sat. & Sun. All Always
USED CAR PLAZA, 98 ANTHONY AT BRIDGE, OPPOSITE SQUIRES, SOMERVILLE

HARVARD MOTORS, Inc.
DODGE & PLYMOUTH
275 Beacon St., Somerville
TRO. 1304 ALWAYS OPEN

'38 Ford "Prefix 60" 5-Pass. Sedan. This car has radio, heater, trunk; was chauffeur driven; looks and runs like new; has only 30-day guarantee. ...

'37 Dodge Sedans (2). These cars are in excellent condition. Paint recently. Inspected competition with best ... $395 to $425

'37 Plymouth Sedans (2). 4-Door Trunk Sedans in our new models. Have thousands of miles of carefree driving. Trade your present car on ...

'38 Plymouth 4-Door Trunk Sedan; nice original dark blue finish; would like clean 1935 Plymouth in trade on this car. ...

'36 Dodge Sedans (3). We know you will be satisfied to own one of these 'Dependable' Dodges. Priced low to move 'em ... $265 up

'36 Ford Sedan Delivery. This beautiful blue panel has been completely painted for new life of business needing ... $250

PORTER SQ. BUS PASSES OUR DOOR

HAPPY LITTLE MOTOR
PUTT-PUTT-PUTT
OUR USED CARS
ARE THE BEST IN TOWN

'35 Mercury Sedan $715
Radio and heater, very low mileage.
'37 Lincoln Zephyr Sedan 495
'37 Packard 120, 4-Dr. Trunk. Very low mileage. ... 450
'35 Chrysler 6 Sedan 245
'36 Ford Conv. Sedan 335
'36 Ford Trunk Sedan 295
'37 Ford '85' Coupe 295
'37 Ford '85' Tudor 295
'38 Chevrolet Sedan Delivery ... 435
'37 LaSalle Conv. Coupe, R&H 450
'36 Chev. Sport Sedan, R&H .. 325
'35 Ford Coupe 150
All cars are winterized and are ready to give good service. 3 Liberal Financing Plans. See Mr. Wiley.
Newton Motor Sales Co.
Authorized Ford—Lincoln Zephyr—Mercury Dealers
772 Washington St. Newtonville
Newton 4000

'37 Packard Conv. Coupe. $495
Radio and heater.
'38 Chevrolet Tour. Sedan $425
'31 Packard D. L. 4-Door Sedan ... $235
Radio and heater.
Harvard Avenue Garage
AT HARVARD ST., ALLSTON
STAdium 3480—Open Evenings

'35 Ford Fordor, radio. .$175
'35 Ford D. L. Tudor. 155
'35 Ford Coupe 135

HOOVER MOTORS
MOTOR MART, PARK SQ.
HUB. 7100 OPEN EVENINGS

BEARDON & WOODWARD

'38 Ford Tudor .. $425
'37 Ford D. L. Conv. 425
'36 Ford D. L. Tudor 295

1950 COLUMBUS AVE. ROXBURY
HIG. 1853 OPEN EVES.

RED HOT SPECIAL
1936 CHEVROLET SEDAN
Completely clean. Radio and heater. Like other cars ... **$265**
HUGHES KIR. 5040. ALWAYS OPEN

REPOSSESSED '35 DODGE
4-Door Sedan in perfect condition. Take over bal. due. FINANCE CO., 1203 Boylston St., Com. 9438. Open Evenings.

'36 Plymouth 2-Dr. Tr. Sedan $269
De Luxe model, carries our 30-day guarantee. CHELSEA SQ. CHEV., Inc., 850 Broadway, CHElsea 1800. Open Eves.

'37 PACKARD 120 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan. $469
Radio and heater. Very clean. Com. 9438.
1935 BRIGHTON BUICK, STA. 6700.

'35 FORD TUDORS $195
'37 FORD TUDORS $495
'36 CHEV. TR. SEDANS $345
Any Terms. OAKLEY MOTOR, 1544 Columbus Ave., Boston. Mass. 3100.

'36 FORD 4-Door Trunk Sedan. Radio and heater. Very clean. Price $395. 39 Mass. Ave., ARLington 2626.

'38 CHEVROLET 4-Door Trunk Sedan. REWLEY-HALLIDAY, 1299 Boylston St. Ken. 4010

'37 Chrysler Imperial, 6 & 8, Rare Custom Body Limousine. Radio, heater, fluid drive, Lanston autopilot — Be convinced. Open Sundays. CHRYSLER SALES, 930 Broadway, CHElsea 1885. Open Eves.

202—Automobiles Wanted

CASH FOR CARS, 1931 Mass. Ave., Cambridge. KIR. 0700. ALWAYS OPEN

SPOT CASH BIGGEST PRICES
BRIGHTON'S 100 Dealers Recently Bought 1000 Cars
MORE THAN YOU CAN GET ANYWHERE ELSE
Or $100 MORE CASH BY 9:30 AM. CASH
LARD WANTED FOR CASH BIGGEST PRICES
Prices 200 Wash. St., Brighton. ALG. 7700.

CASH for your car in any condition. Bring it in or we will call. We pay $500 more than no others. 650 Comm. Ave. CON. 9430.

CASH for your car in any cond. CASH 10 Mt. Pleasant Ave. Roxbury.

203—Tires—Parts—Accessories

BORR'S AUTO PARTS
Parts For All Makes & Models
300, Everett Ave., Chelsea
To. CHElsea 0081-2

209—Automobile Insurance

$10 Down 7 months to pay 10 Broad St. Room 518. BUR. 7400.

GLIDER TRAILERS

COVERED WAGON
N. E. Largest Trailer Display
Special—1937—18-Ft. Hayes, all steel, Masonite sides, Radio and Heater ... $245
24 Sec. MARION BAUMGARDNER Beach Terrace
N. E. Distributors
137 Lexington St., Woburn, Mass.
80 State St. 128 between Woburn & Lexington

1940 SCHULT TRAILERS De Display. 52 new inspl. Masonite Exteriors. FINANCE CO., 1203 Boylston St., Com. 9438. Open Evenings.

1940 SCHULT De Display. 52 new inspl. Masonite Exteriors. FINANCE CO., 1203 Boylston St., Com. 9438. Open Evenings.

36 Plymouth 2-Dr. Tr. Sedan $269
De Luxe model, carries our 30-day guarantee. CHELSEA SQ. CHEV., Inc., 850 Broadway, CHElsea 1800. Open Eves.

'37 PACKARD 120 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan. $469
Radio and heater. Very clean. Com. 9438.
1935 BRIGHTON BUICK, STA. 6700.

'36 CHEV. SEDAN, $210
Perfect in every way. 30-day guarantee. CHELSEA SQ. CHEV., 850 Broadway, CHElsea 1800. Open Eves.

'37 CHEVROLET 4-Dr. Sedan, $339
Has a real fine car. CORNELLY'S BRIGHTON BUICK, STA. 6700.

34 DODGE COUPE. Radio and heater. Runs like new. **$90**
Berkeley St. HAN. 7383.

36 CHEVROLET CLUB SEDAN, CHELSEA $285
SQ. CHEV., 850 BROADWAY, CHELSEA.

36 FORD COMMERCIAL SEDAN. 275 $250
BEACON ST., SOMERVILLE. TRO. 1304. ALWAYS

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY AT
ULLIAN'S BUICK—CHELSEA
980 B'WAY, CHE. 2970—OPEN TILL 9 P.M.

'36 CHRYSLER Imperial 4-Dr. Tr. Sedan. A dandy at this price. CON. 9430. HOLLY'S BRIGHTON BUICK, STA. 6700. **$579**

1936 Ford Fordor sedan, only 1236 Mass Ave., Cam. TRO. 1460. **$185**

THIS IS NOT A BARK but YOU should know about BOSS 80 Prospect St. Somerville. SOM. 0200

'34 PLYM. coach. Guaranteed & reconditioned. GAR. TRO. 1460 **$115**

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser

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Sunday, Mar. 17, 1940

7 TALES From King Arthur's Court

Told by John Erskine
Who Wrote "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"
Paintings by Dulac

No. 7—The Tale of How Sir Launcelot Slew Sir Agravaine

IN THE season of Spring, when the sap runs, the branch blossoms, and the heart stirs, Sir Agravaine bethought him to kill Sir Launcelot, to whom as it chanced he had taken a dislike. So he spoke to Sir Gawaine and several others in the corridor at Camelot, outside the King's chamber.

"Launcelot is bold," said he.

"You mean brave," said Gawaine.

"I mean Guinevere," said the other.

"Tell me nothing about it," said Gawaine. "It's no concern of mine."

"I'm thinking of telling Arthur," said Agravaine.

"You're likely to make trouble between him and Launcelot," said Gawaine, "and you'll be popular with neither of them. And it's the best Spring weather we've enjoyed for years," he added hastily, seeing the door open and King Arthur himself at the threshold.

"My lords," said he, "how many times have I asked you to make less noise?"

"Would you rather we kept on whispering?" said Agravaine.

"Whispering what?"

"That Launcelot is your wife's boy friend."

"If this is true—" said the King, looking at it from all sides.

"It is," said Agravaine.

"Then tell me nothing about it," said the King. "It concerns me only indirectly."

"It offends me if it doesn't you," said Agravaine.

"You shouldn't go around spreading rumors," said Arthur, "not unless you have proof."

"My lord," said Agravaine, "do you call me a liar?"

"Far from it, far from it," said Arthur, "but the evidence is weak."

"If we caught him and her making love," said Agravaine, "would that be evidence?"

"The very best," said the King, "but it's too much to hope for."

"Do you hunt tomorrow?" said Agravaine.

"All day," said Arthur.

"Does Launcelot go with you?" said Agravaine.

"No." The King looked bothered. "I believe he has another engagement."

"Take your cook with you," said Agravaine.

"Why the cook?" said the King.

"It gives the impression you're dining in the woods," said Agravaine. "You'll come home early, of course, and see what you see."

"I don't like your advice," said Arthur. "He's a dangerous man when provoked."

"I'll handle him with tact," said Agravaine.

In the morning Arthur rode on his hunt, having told the Queen he would probably be out all night, and as the day wore to a close, Launcelot dressed with special care, and Sir Bors asked him why, and he said it was a dinner engagement he had almost forgotten.

"You'd better dine with me," said Bors.

"But I promised to go," said Launcelot.

"If you'll listen to a friend," said Bors, "you'll stay home now and then."

"It isn't like you to worry," said Launcelot.

"God bless you, since you won't be convinced," said Bors. "But come home early."

So Launcelot put on his best coat and took his sword under his arm, and stepped around to the Queen's room, and as soon as she recognized his knock she let him in and bolted the door again. Then were the two together, talking of this and that, and for a while they were undisturbed.

But at last Agravaine with twelve of his men banged on the door.

"Shall I come in," said he, "or will you come out?"

"I'm not coming out tonight," said Guinevere.

"I spoke to Launcelot," said Agravaine.

"This is embarrassing," said Guinevere softly.

"You don't happen to have a coat-of-mail or shield, do you?" whispered Launcelot.

"Do you think they'll kill you?"

"I'm wondering if your husband will burn

(Continued on Page 17)

The Hard Walls of a Bathroom, and the Reflecting Power of the Water, Seem to Explain Why Even Croaking Baritones Sound Good to Themselves.

Why Men Sing In The Bathtub

FOR years most people have accepted the familiar phenomenon of singing in the bath tub as a matter of course and paid little or no attention to finding a reason for indulging in that popular pastime.

Every once in a while, of course, some bath tub Caruso, overwhelmed by his own warbling, will murmur delightedly to himself: "Boy, do I sing a mean tenor," or baritone, or basso. But that was as far as the matter went until science decided to find out why a person is prompted to burst into melody in the bathtub and why his voice sounds so good to him when he does.

Recently science found why the average porcelain shrine to American plumbing stimulates a man to dally with madrigals, wrestle with cantatas and soar on the wings of operatic arias while bathing.

Among scientific observers of bath tub canaries are three University of Southern California professors. Dr. Arthur W. Nye, well-known physicist has a matter of fact explanation. "The hard surface of the bathroom does not absorb sounds, so they are reflected with greater resonance," he says. "The water makes an even better reflector. These factors combine to make the voice sound better to the soaker and give him a reason for singing."

According to Dr. Horatio Cogswell of the School of Music, another factor is that in tub or shower "you can hear your voice with your inner ear because it is reflected from a surface so near you."

Such an explanation might suffice for the average citizen who is not above airing his tonsils in an occasional bit of barber shop or barroom yodelling, but what about the timid soul who is as mute as a tired oyster and as tone deaf as a lopsided earmuff except in the bathtub? It took Dr. Floyd L. Ruch of the psychology department to point out that just as an Englishman's home is his castle, so the bath tub is the domain of the timid man. Seated in the tub behind locked doors, he may burst forth in joyous song without fear of ridicule.

"There is added pep caused by the stimulus of water striking the body," says Dr. Ruch. "The informality of the bathroom where the individual can sing without fear of disapproval or of being embarrassed is what does it."

This also explains the peculiar habit of song-switching which many bath tub maestros develop and which have caused eaves-dropping wives and roommates to think the warbler is indecisive and unable to concentrate on one melody. As a man prepares for his tub after a night out with the boys, for example, he may be stimulated to sing some mournful selection such as the Volga Boat song or the Cowboy's Lament as an overture.

When he turns on the taps and the water begins to pep him up, he probably will shift to something like The Stein Song or a Gilbert and Sullivan light opera aira as an intermezzo. It is when he is wielding the towel, that he really gets down to business and gives out everything from the Fifth Hungarian Rhapsody to Carmen. He may even make the tiles ring with defiant battle songs and ballads.

In doing so, he probably is expressing the conquering spirit of his caveman ancestors. This follows another scientific theory about bath tub singing advanced by Dr. Francis J. Norton of the General Electric Research Laboratory and Prof. W. C. Sabine who, while doing research in sound, traced the practice of bath tub warbling right back to our Stone Age ancestors.

"Professor Sabine has brought out the interesting idea that the musical scale was first developed among the cave dwellers along the rocky Mediterranean coasts," Dr. Norton explains. "The cave dwellers of Europe early found out how easily even the unmusical can keep the key in simple airs when aided by the reverberations of the bare and resounding caves. From then on, the development of the musical scale kept pace with the increased size of dwellings and temples.

"We are all familiar with the urge to sing in the bath room as we take our morning tub or shower. Because of the bare and polished walls, this is generally the most resonant room in the house, and the reverberations flatter us into thinking that perhaps our voice is not as unmusical as others seem to proclaim.

"It is interesting to think that perhaps this urge to sing in the bath room goes back to the very reason for the development of the musical scale itself, by our ancestral cave dwellers."

Naturally having gone into the subject of bath tub singing, science made a thorough job of it, leaving no stone unturned and no note unsung. Thus it has even supplied bath room Carusos with an excellent alibi for not indulging in this practice outside of their favorite tiled conservatory.

With true scientific accuracy, Professor W. C. Sabine, while investigating sound discovered that the presence of an audience in a hall will change the reverberation time because some of the sound will be absorbed by its clothes and bodies. An audience of men in formal evening dress will cause another difference, because their stiff shirt fronts are poor absorbers of sound. In other words, transfered out of the bathroom to a hall and an audience those golden, robust bathroom solos would probably sound as thin and shrill as a peanut whistle and send the warbler back to the tiled privacy of the retreat where his yodelings sound like the gifted tones of the Metropolitan's stars.

Where Girls Make A Serious Study Of Glamour

TIME was when a college girl was a traditional "blue-stocking," known not for her "dates," her beaux, her popularity at college "proms," or her attraction for men in general, but rather for her "book-larnin'," which stood in her way when it came to having a good time.

Today, however, the tables seemed to have turned and there is, in at least one institution of "higher learning," a course in, of all things, glamour itself.

Under the broader title of Home Economics, with the sub-title, "Proving Ground for Better Living," the girls at Drexel Institute in Philadelphia can now learn how to groom for glamour, which, according to the pamphlet written by two seniors in the Home Economics course, Reba Edelman and Betty McCoy, "is every girl's right these days and it can be achieved without her being a millionaire's daughter. All she needs is a wealth of patience and stick-to-it-iveness, a little fraction of ingenuity, and the small sum of $6.50."

These two girls have become specialists in color readings—telling girls what kind of make-up to use, etc.—and in grooming demonstrations as well as the history and development of commercial patterns generally. They are products of courses designed by Professor Jane Chapman.

In their thorough study of all the avenues of beauty, Miss Edelman and Miss McCoy have made researches which prove that in four years, the college girl, in order to make herself as glamorous as possible, should spend seven full weeks in beautifying herself, that a girl should budget her beauty routine for the ordinary day, the special once-a-week process and the whenever-I-get-a-chance beautifying routine, and that a quick transition from studying at the desk to going out on a date should take fifty minutes.

"It is our belief," said Miss Edelman, who will be graduated this year and will try to go out into the department store world to put into practise the things which she has learned at college, "that the fifty-minute double-date transition should be divided this way:

Glorify the tub with salts, or drop in a spoonful of bath foam	one minute
Cleanse your skin	two minutes
Apply a mask. If skin is dry, use a lubricant instead	two minutes
Take a beauty nap in the tub	ten minutes
Wake up and scrub with a good soap and a long-handled brush	three minutes
Dry with a rough towel for stimulation and exercise	two minutes
Apply finishing touches with Eau de Cologne	three minutes
Powder your skin with talcum	one minute
Final face make-up	ten minutes
Touch up your coiffure with comb, brush and brilliantine	three minutes
Finish dress and final touches	three minutes

"During the college day, it is not always possible to spend fifty minutes at a time in glamourising yourself. Therefore, we have devised a beauty routine for the busy girl. This is the way we budget it for the normal day:

20 Minutes—8 a.m.: shower, deodrant, clean teeth, eye wash, cream or wash face and neck, foundation powder, lipstick, brush eye brows.

5 Minutes—Noon hour: quick cleansing with astringent facial packs, fresh make-up.

30 Minutes—6 p.m.: tub, thorough cleansing of face and neck, softening, complete make-up, including eye cream and shadow.

30 Minutes—Before retiring: walk dog, put cream on nails, hand lotion, brush hair 100 times, brush teeth, remove all make-up, put cream on face.

"About once a week, say, every Saturday morning, put aside forty-five minutes for a manicure and eye-brow plucking. Put aside two hours every ten days to have the hair shampooed and set. Put aside from one to two hours about once a week for some active sport, like badminton, bowling, swimming or dancing.

"Whenever you get a chance, spend thirty minutes on a full pedicure, thirty minutes on a facial, three hours for a permanent wave—this only twice a year—and fifteen minutes for corrective exercises. Spend a full day in bed just relaxing whenever you have the opportunity."

Going through all these figures, the two girls figured out that during four years of college life, if all the time spent on beauty was laid end to end, it would occupy a solid seven weeks. They arrive at this figure on the basis of 30 minutes daily, 75 minutes in addition for the once-a-week special functions, and 53 minutes extra on week-ends for gala affairs. These minutes, hours, and days, all added together equal seven weeks.

"This schedule, if adopted," Miss Edelman continued, "should give essential beauty treats with a minimum of time. Its importance lies in the apportioning of hours rather than their numbers.

"The first essential in glamour is adequate rest. A consistent series of bending, stretching and rolling exercises is bound to take off a few pounds of that extra avoirdupois. For good cleansing, which is the basis of good grooming, you must immediately buy one cake of bath soap, ten cents; one bottle of bath salts, ten cents; one long-handled back brush, 10 cents; one box of talcum powder, ten cents, and one cake facial soap, ten cents."

Actually getting glamorous, of course, needs more than actual cleansing. It takes make-up, and for the proper make-up, the Drexel Institute people recommend to their adherents buttermilk facial mask, skin freshener, liquid make-up, vanishing cream, powder base foundation make-up, cream rouge, facial tissues, absorbent cotton, disposable powder-puffs, powder, cover mark for blemishes, powder brush, lipstick, liquid lipstick, lipstick tissues, eye-brow pencil, eye-lash curler, tweezers, mascara, and eye-shadow. The total cost for these necessities is $2.65, a sum that any ambitious girl is glad to spend to look her best.

At Drexel Institute, the girls who go in for glamour are warned to "spend time on their hands," on their feet and on their hair. They are shown how to make their lips look bigger or smaller, as required, whether to wear a hair up-do or a hairdress going down, all in the interests of sailing "the good ship Glamour into the herbor of Success."

The College Girls Who Go In for Glamour in a Serious Way Put Plenty of Time in on Their Hands and Feet, as Well as Mastering the Art of Makeup.

When a Rich Man Arrives at the Rest Home He Is Given a Phoney Name, and Is Not Allowed to Receive Visitors, Mail or Telephone Calls.

Plans A Hideout For Broken-down Milionaires

IT isn't the other people who get on your nerves, it is yourself, says Dr. Gaetano in Montera, famous Spanish nerve specialist who is displaying a maximum of foresight by announcing how he is going to repair the war-wrecked nerves of Europe's and America's much-tried rich men once the present insane conflagration is over.

To be shell-shocked or gassed in action is not the only catastrophe that can befall a man's nervous system in this war, Dr. Montera declared recently in an article in a medical journal. The present conflict has justly been called "a war of nerves." While the Western front might almost be called peaceful and serene, fighting never ceases on the economic battle fields that are not restricted to a comparatively narrow line but practically cover the face of the earth. The heaviest casualties on this economic front are not among the rank and file but among the responsible leaders of finance, among the great captains of industry, the big executives—those who top the income tax lists in every country and who are usually spoken of, as "the millionaires."

Anyone might think that there are other people more to be pitied, but it is with the millionaires that Dr. Montera is concerned, planning for them a new kind of refuge to which they can retire to rest their weary nerves once the war is over. An ordinary rest cure, Dr. Montera says, won't do the trick. If a rich leader of finance or industry goes off to a health resort or on a pleasure trip, he takes a couple of secretaries with him, and remains within reach of cable, telephone and radio. Worse still, he can't get away from himself. His brain goes on working in the same groove, his nerves remain alert and re-act to the same impressions as before. Such people live in a veritable psychosis of work because they are slaves of their vocation and their personality.

American big-business men are even worse than their European colleagues, and therefore Dr. Montera plans to establish a rest home for them in Europe. This would not be in one of their usual haunts on the Riviera or in Switzerland, where they are likely to meet acquaintances and be recognized, but in one of the remote valleys of the Balkan range, in Bosnia or Bulgaria or some other beautiful, out-of-the-way place.

"When my patients register at my rest home," Dr. Montera says, "they must give up their names and sign a declaration to the effect that they will on no account reveal their identity to anyone during the term of their treatment. This is expected to have a postive effect on weary, worry-racked nerves. No newspapers will be allowed within the premises and mails or telegrams will not be delivered. If anyone calls on one of the patients or tries to ring him on the phone, the porter will reply that no person of that name is staying at the place. And it will be true, for the patient who enters our home will shed his outside personality completely. He will remain inaccessible during his stay and will not be able to communicate with the outside world. Within the precincts of the home, the patients will be allowed to freely mingle with each other."

Dr. Montera is planning to acquire a large estate for his novel rest home and will house his patients in small bungalows scattered over its broad acres. The treatment will include physical labor and exercise, so there is hardly any danger of the unidentified millionaires getting bored. Besides, Dr. Montera counts on mankind's eternal urge towards play-acting. He thinks that these tired business men, worn out by the strain of being responsible adults all the time, will enjoy pretending to be someone else, just like children enjoy dressing up. Building up a pretended new personality, playing at the realization of "who would you like to be if you weren't the person you are," will afford them just the absorbing relaxation they need to make this "different" rest cure a boon to their weary nerves and brains.

To make the seclusion of the identity-changing rest home perfect, Dr. Montera thinks that a considerable investment will be necessary, and that treatment fees will have to be very high. Human nature being what it is, perhaps that is the reason why several big capitalists have already pledged considerable sums to start the new venture and intend to be the Spanish nerve specialist's first patients. Naturally, their identity is not disclosed. Dr. Montera thinks it likely that a good many patients will remain at the estate for good, after their treatment is finished, preferring their newly-chosen identity and way of living to the one they have shed on entering the hideout.

The men who have been figuratively "shell-shocked" by the hectic lives they have led may discover in this rest farm a peace they never expected to find on earth, and may decide to chuck all their money-grubbing activities and devote the years remaining to them to making full use of a leisure they think they have earned. Some of them may even be transformed into philosophers, turn their wealth over to humanitarian purposes and give some calm thought to the improvement of an economically upset and war-torn world.

Some of the Spanish doctor's friends are dubious about the chance for an early peace in Europe, and think that it may be years before he can put his interesting ideas in action. They also sardonically predict that there may not be enough millionaires left to fill even a small de luxe "concentration camp."

Savages Who Made A Meal of Their Own Voices

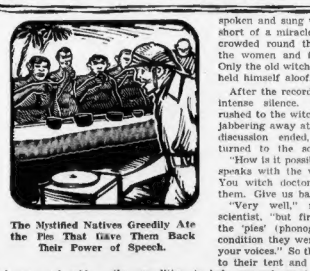
RECENTLY an expedition of scientists arrived in a small native village of the Dutch Indies to record the ancient language, customs and songs of the oldest native tribe. Their first task was to get acquainted with the inhabitants, give them presents, and set up a phonograph where it could best record the native voices.

The inhabitants who clustered around did not know what the big horn was for or why the little disc kept revolving. First they touched it with their hands and then with their tongues to see how it tasted.

To obtain their co-operation, the leader of the expedition gave them lavish presents and explained what he wanted them to do and so the natives chattered, argued and finally sang while the phonograph disc went round and round and the little needle recorded in the wax grooves everything they had sung and said.

The recording completed, the scientists returned to their tent, put the wax disc on another machine and played it slowly through. The result was very satisfactory. Then the scientists had the idea of letting the natives hear this record so they could study their reactions.

The complete reproduction of all that the natives had spoken and sung was to them nothing short of a miracle. First the children crowded round the phonograph, then the women and finally the warriors. Only the old witch doctor of the village held himself aloof.



The Mystified Natives Greedily Ate the Pies That Gave Them Back Their Power of Speech.

After the recording ended there was intense silence. Then the warriors rushed to the witch doctor and started jabbering away at him. When this hot discussion ended, the witch doctor turned to the scientists and asked:

"How is it possible that this machine speaks with the voice of my people? You witch doctors must have stolen them. Give us back our voices."

"Very well," replied the leading scientist, "but first we must restore the 'pies' (phonograph discs) to the condition they were in before we stole your voices." So the scientists returned to their tent and ordered the cook of the expedition to bake several sweet pies.

Later when the hot pies were served the natives tried to eat as many as possible. Then suddenly they all started to talk and sing to make sure that they really had eaten back their voices. The scientists had their apparatus concealed in a tent and as the din went on for hours they obtained the best records ever made of the tribe.

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"First They Brought Me a Sandy-Haired Baby to Nurse," Mrs. Mahoney Told Her Lawyer, "and Mrs. Boaz Was Given the Dark-Haired Infant—

"Then, Next Day, the Baby They Brought Me Had Dark Hair. The Nurse Said It Was the Same Infant; That Oil Had Darkened Its Hair—

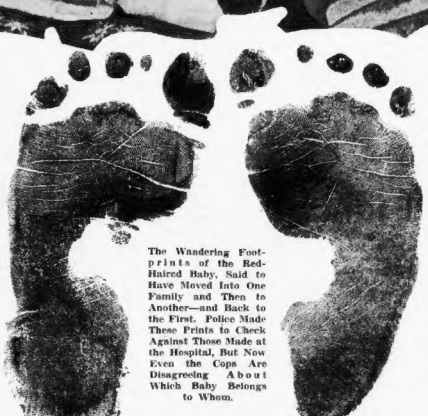
"But the Day Mrs. Boaz Left the Hospital, She Took the Dark-Haired Baby—and the Nurse Insisted the One With Red Hair Was Mine."

MIXED BABIES? FRANTIC PARENTS—

Only Time, and Maybe Not Even Time, Can Solve the Tragic Human Problem of These Two Uncertain Mothers Who Have Appealed in Vain to Science to Help Them

Mrs. Frances Mahoney With the Dark-Haired Little Boy Whom She Says May Be Her Real Son, Though She Took the Red-Haired Baby Home.

Mrs. Ann Boaz, With the Red-Haired Boy. She Is More Philosophical About the Possible Mix-up, but Feels the Dark-Haired Boy Is Her Son. She Settled Her Claim Out of Court.



The Wandering Footprints of the Red-Haired Baby, Said to Have Moved Into One Family and Then to Another—and Back to the First. Police Made These Prints to Check Against Those Made at the Hospital, But Now Even the Cops Are Disagreeing About Which Baby Belongs to Whom.

"IS THIS baby we are bringing up our own son, or is he really no relation at all, just a little stranger, while our own true flesh and blood is growing up in another home, learning to love another set of parents instead of us?"

Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Mahoney, of Los Angeles, have been frantically asking that question of every type of scientist who might be able to give them assurance, but fate has so mixed things up that the answer is always:

"We don't know."

They have brought suit for $25,000 damages against the hospital where the mistake, if it was a mistake, happened, but will that answer the agonizing question?

Though a jury may be able to say whether or not the institution was at fault in permitting such a dreadful uncertainty to arise, how can they go beyond science and satisfy a mother's doubts?

When parents lose a child in death, the grief, no matter how heart-rending, passes with time because it is a natural misfortune. Also it is final, irrevocable and there is nothing to be done about it.

But to the 19-year-old mother and her husband of 21, there is no peace because they are tormented, they say, night and day, by the doubt and the possibility that perhaps they might find some way of settling the matter before it is too late.

That is the worst of it, the proof may come later, not legal evidence, perhaps, but things that will convince those interested. If they could only know it now!

The wear and tear on the young father's nerves was so great that he broke down and lost his job; and on the mother, it must be even worse. Even the youngster is said to act strange and fretful as if something had told him that he does not belong in the household.

On the eleventh of September, 1938, two young expectant mothers of Los Angeles, who did not know each other, entered the California Lutheran Hospital at the same hour and were placed in the same ward.

One was Mrs. Mahoney and the other Mrs. William Boaz. Each mother was full of fears and hopes including a desire that they would be delivered before the unlucky thirteenth. Each mother had a boy baby, at almost the same hour, on the evening of September the twelfth and every fear they had entertained proved groundless. Mrs. Mahoney testified:

"The first time I ever saw my baby was about nine in the morning of September 13. The nurse brought him in for me to look at."

"Did you observe the baby, its appearance?" asked C. L. Gardner, attorney for the hospital.

"Yes," she remarked. "It was a new-born baby and slightly red. It had a blanket wrapped around it and a hood over it, with long shirt sleeves. It was a light baby with sandy-colored hair and very tiny."

The baby was then withdrawn to the nursery leaving the young mother to spend the next five hours mostly in speculation as to what this atom of humanity would look like as a tall broad-shouldered man of 21. All her mental pictures had him with a head of red hair. At two o'clock that same day, a nurse brought back supposedly the same baby for its feeding but this time, Mrs. Mahoney says:

"It had dark hair.

"Is that really my baby?' I asked the nurse. She said it was and when I commented on its changed appearance, explained:

"'Oh, yes, they all change when they are just new-born babies. They are bathed in oil and they often change like that but this is your baby and don't worry.'

"I said, 'Okay, I'll take your word for it. You know best.' So I took her word for it."

Mr. Mahoney came every day and watched with pride the development of the dark-haired youngster which nobody doubted was their very own.

Also came Mr. Boaz, equally pleased and proud at a red-haired offspring. All was serene and both events seemed to be entirely blessed until September 22, when the two mothers were ready to go home.

Then came the shock. Nurses, says Mrs. Mahoney, brought Mrs. Boaz the brunette baby which Mrs. Mahoney had been convinced was hers and handed Mrs. Mahoney the one with flaming red hair. Both mothers gasped in protest, both fathers ceased being silent partners in the adventure and spoke their complaints.

But, according to the testimony, the hospital authorities insisted that they knew what was right and that the mothers should take home what had been given them.

Mrs. Mahoney says that when, at 10 o'clock that morning, she saw no preparations for her departure, she became uneasy and asked what was the matter. A moment later a nurse came into the ward, with a blanket-wrapped bundle and placed an infant in her bed for feeding.

"It was that red-headed baby again!" she testified.

"That's not my baby!" she told the nurse, according to her deposition.

"Why, certainly it is," the nurse is alleged to have replied.

"No, it's not! I won't feed it," responded the mother.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Mahoney, but you have made a very distinct mistake," answered the nurse, according to the testimony. "That is your baby."

Mrs. Mahoney agreed that a very distinct mistake had been made, but this time could not see how it could be hers.

A new-born baby, after being oiled, might possibly change from a faint, sandy red to a dark shade, but how could a ten-day-old one turn from a brunette into a pronounced red-head overnight, unless it had been dyed?

"I argued with her," the mother told the attorneys. "I said it wasn't my baby. In the meantime the baby had gotten very red. Its hair was the color of carrots.

"The nurse said, 'Well, it is your baby!' I replied, 'I know the difference between a black-haired baby and a red-headed one,' and I asked her to take me down to the nursery so I might find the other youngster. She refused . . .

"So it kept on going like that for hours. One nurse would come in and argue and then another would come in. I asked for the floor superintendent and she didn't come to see me. I told them I would get up and get in a wheel chair and go on down there and get the superintendent if she didn't come to me," Mrs. Mahoney deposed.

She was then placed in a room by herself for three days and was unable to nurse the red-haired child which they brought to her for feeding.

"Did you have any doubt," asked Attorney Gardner, "that this was your baby?'

"I didn't know whether it was mine or not," she answered. "It was just what they said."

"Hadn't some tests been made?" he asked.

"They just took my fingerprints and the baby's footprints and they said that baby number 1 belonged to Mrs. Mahoney and baby number 2 belonged to Mrs. Boaz. It was very hard to accept the baby from the one I had been nursing."

It is on those prints that the hospital pins its principal hopes for its defense against the $25,000 suit. While Ralph J. Walker, assistant superintendent of the hospital, says the prints are sound proof, consulting experts have told Mrs. Mahoney's attorney, S. S. Hahn, that there is an important margin of doubt.

Hospital procedure in maternity cases also requires that a half-inch tape be placed on the infant's ankle and another on his wrist, both bearing the family name and the baby's sex, written in ink. This identification Mrs. Mahoney claims was blurred on the red-headed boy, when nurses gave him to her. These name tapes and tags used on the baby's crib will be introduced as evidence at the trial.

Walker maintains that the mix-up came when the babes were placed in the wrong cribs, and says, in his opinion, there never was any real question of identity once the crib-swapping had been discovered. But Hahn will dispute this point by claiming there was a daily repetition of the error with the daily bathing and inspection of the children.

As soon as news of the controversy came to his ears, Walker called on his blood specialist, Dr. George Maner, to see if he could satisfy the parents with blood tests. Dr. Maner admitted there was no positive blood proof.

"Blood tests are used in questions of paternity, and they only work about one-third of the time in those cases," Dr. Maner reported. "They can prove that someone is NOT a parent of a child, but cannot prove that some one IS a parent.

"In other words, it might be possible to prove that the red-head is NOT the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney, or that the dark-haired boy is NOT the son of Mr. and Mrs. Boaz—but it would never be possible to prove that either baby was definitely the child of either set of parents."

Just last month Dr. Roy W. Hammack, one of Los Angeles' leading blood specialists, took samples of all three of the Mahoneys and tried to unravel the mystery in his laboratory at the Good Samaritan Hospital. After thorough, complete tests he could offer only this:

"Baby Mahoney COULD have been the child of Frances and Paul J. Mahoney—or of several million other people in the United States with similar blood characteristics.

"In such tests the results will either give the answer 'NO'—or they give no answer at all."

In this case it was that tantalizing:

"We don't know."

Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney brought suit for $25,000; Mr. and Mrs. Boaz one for $87,000, but apparently they were more philosophical than the Mahoneys, more inclined to trust the hospital system or perhaps more satisfied with their baby, for they settled the suit out of court.

Besides blood specialists, the Mahoneys have consulted finger-print experts and students of hereditary characteristics but all shook their heads. Although both Mr. and Mrs. Boaz are dark, the brunette baby has blue eyes.

Mr. Mahoney is dark, with blue eyes, his wife, a blonde, with blue-green eyes, and the red-headed baby has dark blue eyes.

A bothersome fact is that while this combination of parentage could have produced most any sort of coloring in the child, grandparents on both sides of the Mahoney family can remember no red hair in any relative.

One police expert comparing the footprints made of the babies at birth with new ones, held that no mistake had been made, but another thought it so dubious that a court should decide.

Though science today cannot give Mrs. Mahoney any assurance that the little worried-looking redhead in her possession is hers, naturally as well as legally, it is hightly probable that in the years to come, the question will be answered as positively as a handwriting expert could identify her signature. If this proves that there was no error, only a temporary crib-swap, all will be well. If not, then what?

Possibly by that time the youngsters and their parents will be so happy with each other that they will not wish to know.

However, Nature may force the evidence on them.

Though it is customary for admiring friends and relatives to think they see strong family resemblances in babies, this is mostly imagination. In cold fact, a baby resembles his parents more than can be said of a polly-wog, but that is about all. True family resemblances rarely show themselves until many years later, sometimes, not until maturity.

If then the proof of a mistake appears on the face of one or both boys as they grow into manhood, the heartbreak may become truly tragic. Suppose one becomes a shiftless failure while the other rises to the heights to become President. How will the mother, left in obscurity, as the mother of a dullard, feel to see all the world congratulating the other?

Possibly the two might share the glory, the natural mother taking credit for bringing the exalted personage into the world and the other, for her work perhaps equally valuable, of making the most of the raw material. There might even be glory enough to give a little credit to the two fathers.

One question raised by this case is whether or not the baby identification systems now in use in some hospitals are all they should be. Even if the mothers eventually did get their right babies in the end, it does seem unfortunate for them to have been beset by doubts, as they allege they have. It is bad enough when occasionally a hat-check girl hands out a mink coat instead of a woolen one, but it need not happen with little human beings—if it did happen in this case.

As the result of a crop of baby mix-ups not long ago, there was introduced a supposedly infallible identification. At birth the baby was to have its mother's initials and a number tanned into its skin by means of a sun-lamp and a stencil. That method, however, hasn't yet come into general use.

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GRANDMA'S CORSET Goes To Sea

Back in the Gay Nineties Women Went In for the Wasp Waist, But It Never Occurred to the Fashion Designers of Those Days to Build an Ensemble With "Stays" on the Outside

This Closeup of the New Beach Outfit That's "Old Stuff," Shows How Tightly the Waterproof Corset Clings to the Wearer's Waist.

ANDRE LA VERZA PHOTOS

The Pictures Above Show the Seaside Outfit That Glorifies Grandma's Corset. The Little "Stays" Are Completed by a Long, Transparent Cape and a Pair of Flaring Panties.

WHETHER the wasp waist will return to popularity is something that only the maids and matrons who have a potential interest in such modish shenanigans can—and will—decide. But if it doesn't, the fault will not be with the couturiers of Paris, with certain American arbiters of "la mode," or with the forces of publicity that play so important a part in the business of changing fashions.

Weeks ago the fashion magazines and the pattern books were bright with jackets and frocks that called for a "foundation" with the waist pinched in somewhat more decidedly than has been the custom in recent years. For many a modern woman these styles had a certain old-fashioned charm. They thought it might be nice to show the world that they had trim waists, and at the level that is normal for the feminine physique. Others were frank to say that they were going to wait and see how the vogue caught on before they rushed to the stores to get "stays" that looked a lot like those that were all the rage in Grandma's day.

The comeback of the corset was ballyhooed with no end of publicity and the photographs on this page show what was perhaps the most imaginative attempt to impress on women—and the menfolks, too—that the oldtime corset with its hooks and laces is not, necessarily, a gadget that should be laid on the shelf as a relic of other days.

The ensemble, believe it or not, is a beach outfit, a getup that is designed for the sun and the salt water. It burst upon an interested and mildly startled populace on the sands of Miami, Florida. They never had seen anything quite like this outfit before, but they were used to impromptu fashion shows and managed to take the corseted young woman in their stride.

Young bloods allowed that the get-up was all to the good. They praised it for sort of bringing the boudoir right out into the open. Older heads who could remember the modes and manners of the Gay Nineties said, "What'll they think of next" and ventured the opinion that Grandma never could have been induced to wear her corset on the outside for all the world to see.

The pretty model who had the distinction of causing all this furore didn't say much of anything—she didn't have to. She was eloquent just standing and walking to and fro, and she seemed to be entirely comfortable in her little corselet with wide-brimmed hat to match. Under the stays she wore a cute little suit with scalloped and flaring panties. The suit was light blue koroseal silk with baby ribbon of burgundy marquisette running around the top of the bodice and around the legs of the abbreviated panties.

The corset was burgundy red, too, and glinted brightly in the sun. Grandma would have recognized the "stays" with their hooks down the front and their long laces behind. The thing was boned to accentuate the wasp-waist effect.

It may be that the creator of the outfit had an idea that it would catch on and bring an old-new note to watering places up and down the nation's two seacoasts and to the shores of hundreds of lakes scattered between.

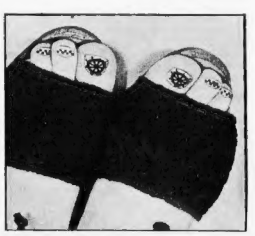
But there were those who guessed that the get-up—nice as it was—was more in the nature of a publicity venture intended to remind members of the gentler sex that the corset is coming back.

Back before the turn of the century when the boned and steel-braced corset was standard equipment for the womenfolk, most of the foundations were white. Some of the "stays" were a little on the ornate side and were fashioned of flowered fabric and, now and then, of some brightly colored cloth. But it was seldom that one of the figure moulders had the courage or the imagination to break out in glinting red, as the corset in the modern beach outfit did.

There were reports that the modern open-air adaptation of Grandma's corset has other innovations—that it was made of a translucent material that let the ultra-violet rays of sunshine penetrate it and bestow their healthful benefits on the wearer.

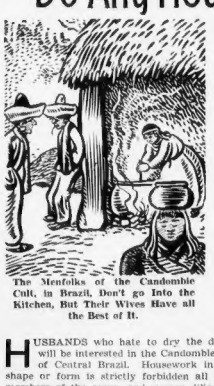
Also that it was practically waterproof and would not warp or sag if the incumbent tired of sitting in the sun and felt in the mood for a plunge into the surf. And, of course, the little blue outfit beneath the "stays" started out as a full-fledged bathing suit.

Some of the Miamians, and visitors, who were privileged to witness the debut of the corset beach ensemble, seemed to be of the opinion that the crimson garment that encircled the model's center section was all right when she was relaxing on the shore, but that she might well unhook before she went in for a dip, especially if she planned to go in for any vigorous aquatic antics. They could see, however, that the corset did not hamper the hips, and that free swimming motion was possible.



These "Tootsies" Are All Dressed Up for a Yachting Party.

Where Husbands Never Do Any Housework



The Menfolks of the Candomble Cult, in Brazil, Don't go Into the Kitchen, But Their Wives Have all the Best of It.

HUSBANDS who hate to dry the dishes will be interested in the Candomble cult of Central Brazil. Housework in any shape or form is strictly forbidden all male members of the group, and women diligently enforce the rule.

The reason they do is because the authority of the powerful priestess-queens who rule the destinies of 400,000 inhabitants of the vast jungles behind Bahia rest on this rule.

These "Maes de Santo" or "Sacred Mothers," seized power 150 years ago by firmly insisting that all housekeeping is women's work and women's alone.

That sounded logical to the heads of the house who saw no harm in agreeing to it with solemn vows. Then they discovered they had been tricked, for the women immediately insisted that all the male priests quit the temples.

The jungle suffragettes declared that since these temples were the homes of the mighty gods of the Candombles they should be tended only by women "housekeepers." The Sacred Mothers moved in, gathering a group of "Sacred Daughters" about themselves and tightening their grip on the community with ceremonial festivals.

The Maes de Santo are on good terms with the Brazilian Government because their rites are restrained and dignified and they encourage their men to work on plantations and keep the peace.

Art Takes A Toehold on Hollywood

MOST of the fads that sweep America originate among the great and near-great of Hollywood. The young women who emote and cavort on the screen take much of the credit for putting most of American girls into slacks, for the vogue of the tinted finger-nail and for numerous other fashion foibles that did not come out of Paris.

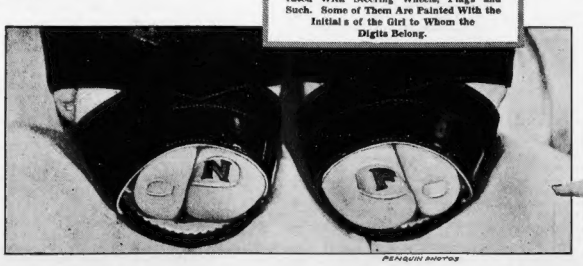
Perhaps the newest and trickiest stunt promoted by the cinema crowd is the ornamental toe-nail—not just digits painted red and blue but toes emblazoned with the wearer's and with a great variety of imaginative pictures of this, that and the other object of one's interest and/or affection.

As one of the photographs on this page shows, the fashion can be adapted to the yachting cruise, the beach party or even the country club dance. Perhaps in time the wearers may go so far as to have pictures of their boy friends on their big toe-nails.

Whether the fad will catch on among the maids and matrons who are not as Hollywood-conscious as most remains to be seen. Many a fashion that started in high expectation in Hollywood has failed to click elsewhere. The style moguls of the cinema capital have sometimes discovered that what he or she believed would be just what the style doctor ordered was a prescription for quite another ailment.

However, the proportion of hits to misses is high among those who prescribe what the well-dressed actress will wear so that it is entirely possible that the new toe-nail art may catch on quickly and become as popular up and down the land as it is in Hollywood.

Not All the Ultra-modern Toes Are Decorated With Steering Wheels, Flags and Such. Some of Them Are Painted With the Initials of the Girl to Whom the Digits Belong.



PENGUIN PHOTOS

The Artistic Toe Has Replaced the Tinted Toe Among Some of the Faddish Young Things of the Movie Colony Set.

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Hollywood's Dizzy "MARRY-GO-Round"

Jean Parker, Who Stopped Her Ride With George MacDonald Because Her Husband "Refused to Become a Part of Hollywood"—Whatever That May Be.

CULVER SERVICE

BROWN PHOTO

Ann (Oomph) Sheridan, Who Claims She Found Married Life Quite as Sleepy as She Looks Here, Because Her Husband Insisted Upon Reading Books Everywhere, All the Time.

Mr. Arthur ("Bugs") Baer Ponders Over the Trivial Reasons Motion Picture Stars Give for Falling Off the Matrimonial Carousel, Thus Changing the Old Axiom "Forever AND a Day" to "Forever OR a Day"

By ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER.

FOREVER and a day has been changed by Hollywood into forever or a day.

Marriages in the film foundry either last for eternity or they end quicker than a laugh under water.

The Bing Crosby-Dixie Lee merger is perpetual and self-funding. And so is the Harold Lloyd-Mildred Davis honeymoon which is in its seventeenth year. The Edward Robinsons, the Cagneys, the Chester Morrises and the Jean Hersholts are all happily married forever and a day.

But how about the forever or a day? Look at Jean Parker. When Jean decided to wash up hubby George MacDonald she got her excuse out of a package of crackerjack.

"He refused to become part of Hollywood," said Jean as the well-oiled tears rolled down her stuccoed complexion. And what does that mean? It makes about as much sense as skywriting in a paper bag.

Does that mean George refused to wear a putty nose, jump off a cliff or rescue a helpless building from a burning fireman? Nobody ever found out. Jean just pouted, "He refused to become part of Hollywood" and she got her divorce as easy as saving string.

Did the judge drum Jean out of court? Well, there was also a fife and a tuba horn. They marched three times around the courtroom to the tune of "He refused to become part of Hollywood."

They didn't say what part. Nor whether they liked it medium or well done. Just "He refused to become part of Hollywood," and there you are as neat as a bookkeeper looking for work.

A poor excuse is better than two reliable witnesses. And when Harmon O. Nelson, Junior, decided to cancel the forever and repudiate the day, the man he named was Oscar.

His wife was the talented Bette Davis and the false friend was Oscar. Not of the Waldorf but of the Academy Award. For the unsophisticated, it should be said that small gilt statues which are presented by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to the actor and actress giving the best performances in motion pictures during the past year are called "Oscars." Harmon said Bette was TOO much a part of Hollywood. She wanted to win Oscar every year but she lost Harmon.

It seem that Bette became so engrossed in her profession that she thought Harmon was an autograph hound. She had not quite reached the stage of the matinee idol who wrote fan letters to himself in soap on his bathroom mirror.

But all she thought of was "Oscar" and finally Harmon beat the barrier like an electric rabbit.

What happens when an Oomph Girl marries a Huh Boy? Well, Ann Sheridan complained to duly appointed law and order that her husband Edward Norris was always reading books.

When she tried to make conversation all he said was, "Huh?" So did the judge, and Ann walked out of the courtroom as free as feathers in a high breeze.

Ann had no more excuse than a man kicking his mother. But she got away with it like a piano mover with six husky assistants.

CULVER SERVICE

Bette Davis, Whose Husband Reversed Jean Parker's Complaint by Telling the Judge That Bette Was TOO Much a Part of Hollywood.

Now, reading a book cannot be construed as cruel and unusual. Nor tending to degrade and incriminate. It cannot be classified as mental torture except maybe to the person doing the reading. Yet, the Hollywood justice handed out that divorce in two wiggles of a hitch-hiker's thumb.

Nothing trivial seems too insignificant if you want a Hollywood divorce provided your lawyer dresses it up like a Colonel on a Governor's military staff. Joan Crawford gave the works to Franchot Tone because Franchot went in for soirees and dances while Joan wanted to sit by the fireplace and spin.

Now, you know that's funnier than the monkey that swallowed the porcupine. Joan is one of the best dressed ladies on the coast, never misses a world premiere and gets in more newsreels and pictures than the Finns. An X will never mark the spot where you will find that homebody.

But Joan's lawyer got up in court and said, "Your Honor, Cross Patch, lift the latch, sit by the fire and spin"—and Joan kept a face as straight as the shortest distance between two points.

Nobody knows whether Franchot was holding the book upside down or not. But we do know that never the twain shall meet because the twain jumped the track.

When the glamorous Fay Helm wanted to write her Declaration of Independence she must have looked for a gag writer who knew law. Let's take a quick gander at Fay's petition: "May it please your Honor he thought more of his stamp collection than he did of me."

It didn't please his Honor and Fay waltzed out of the courtroom as happy as a turtle with two shells.

What's happened to Justice? We know that Fay is beautiful. But, on the other woolen mitten, her husband may have had a terrific stamp collection.

Let's go back to Jean Parker even though George MacDonald may not. We will give you her exact wordage before Judge Ben Lindsey and permit you to do the judging. "Mentally, we were very much unsuited. His work, friends and activities were such that he had no patience for my activities. In other words, HE REFUSED TO BECOME PART OF HOLLYWOOD AND IT GOT ON MY NERVES. He didn't want to live out here. He wanted me to give up my career."

It got on her nerves. And in Hollywood that's as final as a cobra's bite.

Get on a star's temperamental nerve system and she will start singing, "That old ganglia of mine." The ganglia is the intricate network of nerves that brings temperament to a slow boil. But it is no more reason for a divorce than you have to get a munitions license to pop corn.

Once you get on a star's nerves you are a junked robot. Out you go in the morning, hot or cold.

Some of the ladies have real reasons. Constance Worth told the judge that her better half George Brent had a habit of not coming home at night. As a declaration of war that is equivalent to marching a million troops across the frontier of a neighboring nation.

Bert Wheeler was another stay-out and his wife Sally Haines didn't like it any more than red pepper in her eye.

Luise Rainer was another ardent Oscarite whose excuse was as flimsy as boudoir curtains. Luise was married to Clifford Odets who was somewhat of a radical before rich food made him conservative. Luise said Clifford insisted that there be only one career in the family and that he was going to pitch.

No lady with Luise's temperament would stand for that any longer than it would take a tongue-tied conductor to tell a bowlegged passenger where to get off.

Now, there was an excuse that wouldn't jell in freezing weather. But, believe it or nuts, Luise was handed her divorce in cellophane. And now Luise has a career, Clifford has a career and kind hearts are better far than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood. What would you think of a ball game where you didn't even have to tag first base?

We could go on and on and on with this thing and get deeper into the woods than a hog rooting up acorns. When Betty Grable slapped a plaster on Jackie Coogan she said that the star of "The Kid" drove so recklessly she was afraid to ride with him. There isn't a yard of macadam in California that isn't policed like a Marine barracks. Even Betty must have had a twinge of rheumatic conscience on that one, for she followed it up with the statement that Jackie stayed out all day and wouldn't tell where he had been. No blue ribbon jury came up with the suggestion that Jackie might have been working. So Betty got that old marital diploma.

Let's look at some of the reasons for separation accumulated so far in the freshly dusted archives:

1. He refused to become a part of Hollywood. There's one that led the field at the quarter, the half and came down the home stretch like hail stones in a rainspout.

2. Insists on reading a book. We haven't heard that one since 'Hector was both ends of a frankfurter. But it worked. And that's all you can ask of a fountain pen or a brother-in-law.

3. Wants to earn the living for the family. That sentiment dates back to the Cave Days when Cro-Magnon Man dragged tigers home to the cave where the Little Woman was sewing on littler things and using a crowbar for a needle.

4. Looks more often and more lovingly at his stamp collection than he does at you. Well, dearie, if you are going to wear a greasy Mother Hubbard, permit your bangs to straggle like sore-footed soldiers and smirk at him through a beauty mask made of thick mud, and talcum, we don't blame him for concentrating on a fine steel engraving of George Washington Crossing the Well Known Delaware. That's art.

5. Is a reckless driver. That's one of those perennial ever blooming backseat arguments that started in Covered Wagon days and grew up with the country. It is not good for a divorce. It is not even good for a left turn.

6. Stays away from home all day and refuses explanations. It's all right to tell your wife where you have been provided she doesn't catch you there.

7. Compares you too frequently with his former wife. We are coming to that one now. We would call that a legitimate squawk for both the goose and the gander. After all, there is a foundation for resenting insinuations like that. And as the judge remarked many years ago: "We find that this condition is paramount to a mid-Victorian bustle which is a hypothetical structure built upon a stern reality."

Another Betty—Grable This Time, Who Complained to the Court That Jackie Coogan Drove So Recklessly She Was Afraid to Ride With Him—Even on the Marry-Go-Round.

And that's why we sympathize with the attractive Jane Wyman who divorced Myron Futterman because she got tired of being compared to a former wife. All the classifying and indexing was much to Jane's unearned detriment. Any husband who commits the unpardonable comparison should be drawn and quartered. The drawing should be done by a bum artist and the quarter by a bad counterfeiter. He should be boiled in oil and then scattered to the four points of a dull compass.

Robert Armstrong and Gladys Dubois

(Continued on Page 23)

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Even BEFORE he (or she) receives it, he rates it the highest of its kind, as shown by repeated national pen preference votes. For in all the world there is not another pen like it.

For one thing it contains NO rubber ink sac or piston pump like ordinary pens. It's a truly remarkable invention resulting from a college professor's discovery that more often it isn't a writer's brain that runs dry—*it's his pen!*

So he created this revolutionary Diaphragm Filler that is sealed in the top—out of harm's way—and thus *provides nearly twice as much room for ink* as old styles.

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The EASIEST most convenient to fill as proved by independent experts testing 24 models of various makes.

Remarkable also because of its patented Television barrel. When you hold this shimmering, streamlined Beauty to the light, you SEE the level of ink *at all times.* Hence your Vacumatic will never run dry at some critical moment unless you let it.

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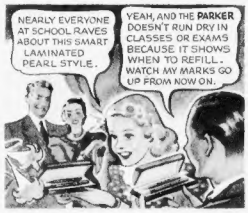
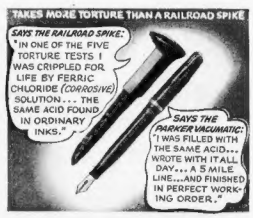




To Demonstrate the new Parker Writefine Pencil

with 39% thinner lead

Leads 15¢ and 25¢

The only Pencil whose Eraser turns OUT like lead by propel action that is AUTOMATIC!

(Transcribed by H. V. Kaltenborn, radio's Ace news analyst)

Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence we must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may assume to be respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest guided by justice shall counsel. Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humour, or caprice? It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances, with any portion of the foreign world—so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it. (Let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Transcribed by me from Washington's Farewell Address on a U.S. post card with the Parker Writefine Pencil

H. V. Kaltenborn

Kaltenborn wrote Washington's 300-word warning against Foreign Entanglements on an ordinary Postal Card

Due to 39% thinner lead (25% smaller diameter) with DOUBLE LENGTH and amazing strength, this 300-word passage from George Washington's Farewell Address did not even fill the postal card.

H. V. Kaltenborn, radio's famous news commentator, transcribed Washington's warning with the new Parker Writefine to show how much can be written in little space—on printed forms, estimate sheets, notebooks or pocket diaries—and how sharp and clear—by using this *postgraduate* of ALL pencils.

Postgraduate because *it begins where other pencils leave off.* For example, Parker's DOLLAR Writefine—

1. Uses 39% thinner lead—writes down to a hair-line. Makes clean, clear carbon copies.

2. Generous eraser (¾ inch long) feeds from top as used automatically!

3. Threaded Grip *does not* slip, hence can be held for hours lightly, and comfortably, so your hand won't tire.

4. Non-breakable Barrel with flat, Non-interfering clip and Magazine capacity for 8 Double-Length leads.

Parker's Dollar Writefine is a grand, practical gift for firms and corporations to supply to their employees or customers, with company name and compliments imprinted.

Parker Writefine Pencils at $3.50 to $6.00 match all the exclusive laminated Pearl Parker Vacumatic Pens. Go to the nearest Pen and Pencil Counter today. But be sure to ask for it by the full name, "Parker Writefine."

Mr. Amster's Strange Love-Diary and His "Nuisance Cinderella"

Like a Fairy Tale Was That Scrapbook the Millionaire Made for His Chorus Girl Sweetheart, But Most of the Scraps Occurred in Its Explosive Courtroom Sequel

Nathan L. Amster, Wealthy Traction Magnate, Who Clipped Not Only Coupons But Also Pictures to Make a Scrapbook Fairy Tale.

Pages From Mr. Amster's Love-Diary in Which Olga Appears as "Kiki," and He as "Jack."

1—Kiki at 16 Arrives in New York and Goes Into a Dance Called "The Pied Piper."

2—"But Kiki Grows Tired of Dancing With Potsky (She's Supposed to Be in Paris Now) and Deliberates What to Do."

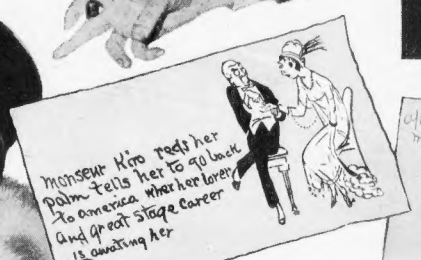
3—A Mysterious Mr. Kiro Reads Her Palm and Advises Her to Go to America "Where Her Lover and Great Stage Career Are Awaiting Her."

4—In America She Meets an Idealized Mr. Amster ("Jack"), Who Makes a New Girl Out of Her, Complete With Golf Clubs.

5—And So "She Decided to Become a Good Little Sweety and Make Jack Happy."

6—And Finally: "Coming Events Forecast Their Shadows—" Which Meant, According to Olga, None Other Than Little Lee.

Olga Eide, Mr. Amster's Cinderella, Who, Instead of a Pumpkin Coach Had a $100,000 Nuisance Value.



Olga's Son, Lee, at the Age of Six, a "Eugenic Baby" According to Mr. Amster, But Her Child by "Jack," According to Olga.

FAIRY TALES as a rule all end the same way: "And they lived happily ever after..." But the fairy tale which Nathan L. Amster, the wealthy traction magnate, wrote, illustrated and presented to his chorus girl sweetheart, Olga Eide, as a souvenir of their love, was unusual from the start.

So, when it ended a little while ago, no one was surprised to find Prince Charming dead and Cinderella having a bitter dispute with her illegitimate son.

The document, which purported to be a half-serious, half fanciful biography of Olga, was composed in passionate intervals between big-time mining and railroad deals, and was never intended by its author to reach the public. It never would have probably if it hadn't been for the 1929 stock market crash.

This event, rather like something in a bad fairy tale itself, precipitated a whole series of events: it caused Amster to cut down on his gratuities to Olga, who retaliated by making scenes in his office, which in turn caused the financier to drag her into criminal court on a charge of extortion, which caused Olga to take him into civil court for the purpose of rescuing a $100,000 trust fund which he had set up two years previously for her and her six-year-old son, Lee.

In the ensuing legal circus, Olga asserted that her wealthy benefactor was also the father of her son. Amster, married and the father of two legitimate sons, denied this charge but admitted having set up the trust fund, claiming, at the same time, that she had violated one of its clauses, namely, that she should never molest him. According to him, her attempt to extort cash in excess of the amount stipulated in the trust agreement was molestation.

Anyhow, the fairy tale love-diary was introduced in evidence at the criminal trial by Olga's lawyer, James D. C. Murray, in order to show the kind of relationship which had existed between his client and Amster and also in the hope of proving that the latter had had a part in little Lee's parentage.

Grimmer than Grimm, this product of a big businessman's repressed whimsy had case-hardened courtroom attendants fluttering their eyes and sighing like Ferdinand, the Bull. The jury barely kept hold of itself sufficiently to bring in a verdict of guilty—with a recommendation of mercy—against the diary's winsome heroine. And then the judge, possibly on the theory that it would be a shame to send Cinderella to a bad, old prison, suspended sentence.

The outcome of the civil trial was even more satisfactory as far as Olga was concerned; this judge not only upheld her right to the trust fund but also highly commended her qualities as a mother. The only restraint placed on her by both courts was that she must not annoy Amster any more; if she should, she stood to forfeit her nest-egg and also go to jail.

So at this point it looked as though at least one of the chief characters in the fairy tale was going to live happily ever after.

A few days ago, time rubbed out this tentative ending and added another, with an O. Henry twist.

Last September, Mr. Amster, at the age of 70, was on the verge of another attempt to have the trust fund abrogated on the same grounds as before. He had received the following cryptic telegram from Olga:

"Your son Lee has now a West Point uniform. Do you want him to enter there, and if so, let me know. I have not received my monthly money, $500, why?"

After pondering this missive, Amster decided that it annoyed him, whether it made sense or not. He started suit to have the trust fund done away with, but on the very day the matter was to be aired in court, he died.

For a little while the question of whether Olga was to go on enjoying the fruits of her youthful misstep hung in the balance. Then, in typical fairy tale fashion a fairy godmother appeared and waved her magic wand.

The apparition was none other than Mr. Amster's widow, who told the court in effect that she would rather have Olga go on being paid than to be left open to the chance of being bothered by her.

After this it appeared that nothing could disturb the security of Cinderella's magic $100,000 or snatch away her happy ending until a few days ago when Lee, now sixteen, ran away to Florida.

He was picked up with two dollars in his pocket and on his lips words of criticism of his mother and of hope that he would be allowed to gratify a burning desire to attend the Miami Military Academy.

Abraham J. Halprin, who had been appointed special guardian for the boy, thereupon told the court that Lee and his mother had "become hostile to each other" and obtained as the first move in freeing him from Olga's apron strings an order for $1,000 from the trust fund to enroll him, over his mother's objections, in the school of his choice.

Although this development does not jeopardize Olga's financial security, it must give her a slight feeling of vertigo to leaf through the yellowing pages of her lover's testament, bearing in mind the strange and unexpected turns the story has taken, ending now in the loss of her child, since Mr. Amster laid down his pen. In fact, it would give most people a slight feeling of vertigo just to look at the pages, without bearing anything in mind.

The volume, containing some 150 pages in all, was presented to Olga in 1921 in Paris, while she and her admirer were on a European love tour together.

Throughout the plot, if such it can be called, the names of Kiki and Jack figure prominently.

"In those dear, dead days beyond recall," lawyer Murray declared poetically at the criminal trial, "Mr. Amster always called her Kiki and she called him Jack."

On the title page is printed: "The Life, Achievements, and Adventures of Kiki Eide."

The first few pages are dotted with drawings of little girls in various cute postures, clipped from newspaper display ads. Underneath the figures and figurines appear in part the following inscriptions:

"At 6 she did the Egg dance. At 8 the Hulla-Hulla. At 10 the Twinkle. At 13 the Minkeyna and the Rug dance."

There follows a fashion page sketch of a flapper (remember that word?), with the explanation:

"At 16 she came to New York, looking for work."

This, as it happens, is true enough. When both Olga and the twentieth century were in their teens, she came to New York with some experience as a dancer and dreams of a theatrical career. She plodded vainly from agency to agency until, as she later testified, her shoes were entirely worn through.

At this point a kind woman friend, whose rather mysterious business it apparently was to introduce just such luckless girls to influential gentlemen, arranged a meeting between her and a man whose name she understood to be Jack Allen.

Possibly this unnamed lady friend was also a fairy godmother. In any case, Jack proved to be a sort of Jack-the-giant-killer hero who had landed in this country, a penniless Rumanian immigrant at the age of 15. Almost miraculously he had climbed to the financial topmost heavens where he fought victoriously with some of the biggest giants in the business.

Jack-the-giant-killer is alleged to have been so pleased with his Cinderella, that he immediately handed her as a token of his esteem $40 and turned over to her the apartment in which they met.

Later, when she learned that his name was not Jack Allen, but Nathan L. Amster, which meant more in Wall Street, she did not hold that against him. If the Prince in the original Cinderella fable had turned up with a wife and two sons, that would have somewhat spoiled the yarn; in this case it wrecked any notion Olga may have had of marrying "Jack" but otherwise didn't seem to bother her much. Amster took her to Europe with him and around the country, pouring some $70,000 into her hands, all of which disappeared as suddenly as if he had dropped it by mistake on the station platform of one of the railroads he owned.

In dealing with their meeting and the period immediately preceding it, the love diary takes a flight into cloud-cuckoo land, investing Olga with much more of a dancing career than she ever had.

According to it, Kiki, after her arrival in New York, meets the fabulous dancer Kavatsky, who burbles: "You are wonderful! Will you travel the world with me as my dancing partner?"

So, with a photograph of a liner sailing down the bay, "she sails for Paris."

There follows a series of Parisian adventures that makes what happened to Alice in Wonderland seem realistic in comparison. Among other things, she meets one "Andrea Potsky," who "shows his serial twister," the illustration depicting Mr. Potsky apparently trying to kick off the top of the Eiffel Tower.

"In Paris, Potsky and Kiki do the Feegee Island hihee-yah" as well as "the Polish kazatsky."

Illustrations of the La Vie Parisienne type accompany these adventures and also the following verses:

"As the Nymph the house went wild,
As Niobe she was no child,
But as Philomel you should hear the house yell,
As the spinning fate she was simply great."

Some further explanations and "art" drawings show Kiki "doing the inimitable head and knee dance, which none has done since the Grecian Matuska in 800 B. C." her meeting with one King Pauza, whose kingdom she declines to share, and a flirtation with a mysterious Archy, who is described as "the handsome boy from West Point."

Just about this time, however, little Kiki tires of her wonderful adventures and decides

(Continued on Page 23)

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If It WAS Murder, It Was the PERFECT CRIME

Freed From Prison and Deported, Bigamous Captain Poderjay Is Still Suspected of Killing His Brilliant Wife, But Denies It, and the Police of Several Countries Are Glad to Be Rid of Him Because They Can't Find the Body—But He Claims He Will Prove She Is Alive

IN 1933, Agnes Tufverson, brilliant corporation lawyer, married Captain Ivan Poderjay, known as "Ivan the Terrible," in New York City and vanished into thin air.

If it was murder, as the bride's four sisters believed and did everything in their power to prove, then it was the most nearly perfect of "perfect crimes" because detectives, working in three different countries, were unable to find a hair of the missing body, or any other evidence strong enough to indict the suspect. All they could do was to send Ivan up to Auburn Prison for five years for bigamy.

Some, including the four sisters, think Ivan Poderjay, ex-captain in the Jugoslavian army, one of the luckiest men in the world, but he looks and acts like a most unlucky one.

When he entered prison five years ago, there was a perjury charge awaiting him in New York City, while the police of London, Vienna and Belgrade wanted him for alleged swindling and bigamy.

But the other day, when he was deported to his native Jugoslavia after serving his sentence, all those threats had vanished. New York decided to forget the perjury, and war-worried Europe couldn't be bothered with small matters.

In serving that one sentence, he incidentally purged himself of everything else society had against him and yet he is hardly a lucky man.

"Ivan the Terrible" entered prison as "Ivan the Handsome," a dashing, magnetic figure, straight as a ramrod and with two flashing eyes, that proved irresistible to many women. He came out a stooping, aging figure, all the dash and swagger gone and, instead of those two almost-hypnotic eyes, just one, dull and despondent.

Fate had sentenced the man to punishments which no judge could have imposed for any crime. As a great lover, his career seems ended forever.

Captain Poderjay—As He Looked When Brought Back to This Country to Face a Bigamy Charge—Robust, Debonair and Smiling Confidently.

INT'L PHOTO

Dead or Alive? If Agnes Tufverson Is Alive, Where Is She? Why Is She Silent? If She Is Dead, Was She Poisoned? Did She Die by Violence? Or Is Her Body at the Bottom of the Ocean? The Police Won't Be Interested in Captain Poderjay Again, Unless They Find the Answers to These Questions.

Evidence That Helped Send Poderjay to Prison—His Perjured Affidavit for a License to Marry Unlucky Agnes.

During Ivan's first year in prison, he retained the military swagger and confident manner. Also his prison department was perfect and on the strength of it the Parole Board was favorably considering his application for release.

But before this happened four determined women appeared before the board, giving its soft-hearted members such a "piece of their mind," that it was decided to let the convict serve out the sentence which the judge had originally thought fitted the crime.

They were the vanished bride's four sisters, whom Poderjay calls the "Four Furies," and who had done everything they could to get him that sentence for bigamously marrying Agnes. And they had gone before the Parole Board to see that justice was not defeated in the case that meant so much to them.

The news was a bitter disappointment to Ivan, who lost his sweet disposition when he found that it would do him no good. But its loss did him a deadly harm. In a fight with a fellow prisoner he lost his right eye. When the bandage was removed and the once-handsome man saw that empty socket, he went to pieces mentally and physically.

When he finally stepped out of the prison gates, two Federal agents took him in charge and little time was wasted in sending him back where he came from, as an undesirable alien.

In Vienna is said to be waiting for him one of his bigamous wives, still full of love. But what will happen to that love when she sees this broken and one-eyed wreck of the flaming Don Juan she used to know? Ivan appears pessimistic of that and everything else.

Agnes Tufverson's life summed up to a dazzling success story that ended in tragic mystery because one thing was lacking to make her happiness complete.

Daughter of a Scandinavian laborer, she rose from a $15-a-week office employe to secretary of U. S. Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, in Paris, after the World War. Studying nights she became a lawyer, specializing in utilities. At the time she met Poderjay, Agnes was attorney for the Electric Bond and Share Co. of New York, at a salary of $8,000 a year.

Agnes' Honeymoon Trunk, on Which Detectives Found Blood-Stains—But They Never Could Prove, As They Suspected, That Her Body Had Been Packed In It.

But success had exacted its price. Having devoted all her time to work and study, the attractive girl had neglected the little arts and lures, the long-winded telephone talks which seem so pointless to men but are part of the strategy that wins their hearts.

The brilliant woman found herself getting along in years, with the profoundest respect from every man who knew her, but no offers of marriage, at least from anyone she considered her mental equal.

Then came the dazzling Jugoslavian army captain, whose whirlwind wooing seemed like the answer to a maiden's prayer. A few months later, on December 4, 1933, they were married. She resigned from her position and from the New York County Lawyers' Association, explaining that she would spend the rest of her life with her husband in England. What seemed more significant to her suspicious and disapproving sisters was that she withdrew $22,000 from the bank.

The bride was last seen on December 20, when, after closing her apartment, she said good-by to her maid and with the gallant captain and her luggage headed for the docks and England. On January 20, 1934, one of the Tufverson sisters received a cablegram from England, which read:

"Arrived London. Cannot stand climate. Going to France and India. Agnes."

For a time the sisters did not worry. Then they became grieved that their favorite sister of whom they were so proud hadn't even sent them a picture postcard. In June, 1934, they became alarmed and asked the New York police to start a search.

Poderjay was found in Vienna where he was living in comfort as a retired captain. With him was dark and lovely Susanne Ferrand whom he had married the previous March. The police found one of Agnes' trunks and a briefcase stamped with her initials in the apartment. Susanne had had Agnes' elaborate trousseau remodeled to fit her. Marks resembling bloodstains were found on the trunk, but the police said the stains were so tiny that they might have been made by a cut finger. Ivan, when questioned, explained to the police that he hadn't seen Agnes since December 20. As far as he knew, she was still alive.

"I married her," he said, "to save her from becoming an old maid. She was afraid of living alone and wanted a man to protect her. She was despondent about remaining a spinster. Before we were married I told her that I could not take her to England because I already had a wife living there.

"Just before I left New York Agnes and I quarreled. I told her I was going to sail anyway and she could join me later. I admit that I sent that telegram to Agnes' sisters in Detroit. I wanted to give them the impression that nothing had happened to mar the happiness of Agnes' honeymoon."

Though much of Poderjay's story was so fantastic as to be hard to believe, and the four sisters have never accepted a word of it, the police of Europe and America were not able to disprove any important statement he made about his bride's disappearance. While the Vienna authorities were holding the captain, Agnes' sisters built up what they thought was a case against him.

They were sure that her husband had murdered their sister in New York to get that $22,000, taken her body on board the steamer in a trunk which he kept closely guarded in the stateroom until some night when he found opportunity to drop the remains overboard. But, though everything indicated that this might have happened there was no positive evidence that it did happen that way at all.

The New York police refused to charge him with murder, because there was no legal proof that the missing woman was dead.

In desperation the sisters tried to have him brought back and locked up on some minor charge while their investigations continued and perhaps the body might be found. The captain had made some misstatements in his marriage license application which constituted perjury. The Vienna authorities, however, did not consider the charge grave enough to warrant extradition.

The women then appealed to Agnes' former employers who set their legal representatives in foreign countries to work on the case. They dug up many new facts which the captain did not deny when questioned, but there was still no evidence of murder. He now admitted not only that the New York marriage was bigamous but that it was not his first offense in that line.

His first wife was a blonde Serbian woman whom he married in 1926. Her name was Seifka Bradaritch and they had an apartment together in Belgrade for a few months. Then her dashing husband decided he wanted to marry Miss Elli Hansen of Copenhagen, daughter of a general in the Danish army.

Poderjay left his wife to marry Elli, and took along $10,000 of her money to finance his second romantic venture. According to Elli, the couple were married and lived happily for a couple of weeks until Ivan departed with Elli's dowry and her bank account. Elli filed a bigamy charge against her husband in Vienna where they were married. Should Ivan ever choose to visit that city, the police say they won't press the charge unless Elli asks them to. Elli says she won't, that she is still in love with him.

Seifka still lives in Belgrade where she once filed a swindle charge against Ivan. But she divorced him in 1933, a few months before he married Agnes. She told the police that she no longer holds any grudge against her former husband, explaining that he was a charming fellow, unreliable, but with no criminal tendencies.

Emaciated, One Eye Gone and a Bitter Smile on His Twisted Mouth, Ex-Convict Poderjay, Under Guard in the Cabin of the Ship That Recently Deported Him to His Native Jugoslavia. He Is Waving His Last Sardonic Farewell.

Poderjay was also wanted in England for putting over some fake stock on two women for which they paid $15,000. But the London police decided that they didn't want Poderjay; he wasn't British.

All these things finally convinced the Austrian authorities that the captain was not likely to add to the peace and prosperity of their capital so they decided to relinquish him to whatever country demanded him most vociferously—which was the United States.

Accordingly, "Ivan the Terrible" was shipped to New York, C. O. D., where he winced at the sight of his four implacable sisters-in-law, waiting on the pier to see that the police did their duty. The same "Four Furies," as he called them, faced him in court and may have been one of his reasons for pleading guilty to bigamy.

The captain is said to have sighed with relief at the judge's sentence, which he supposed would mean only two and a half years. In prison, he would be out of sight of those four pairs of relentless eyes.

Just before immigration authorities put the marrying captain on the boat for deportation, he told them he was planning to re-marry Susanne Ferrand, whom he calls "my French wife." His marriage to her in London, prior to his wedding with Miss Tufverson in this country, is not considered legal in Jugoslavia, he explained—and that's the reason he wants to marry her properly now.

And then, no doubt, he will try to go in hiding so those four pairs of haunting eyes will no longer be directly upon him—eight eyes against only one.

Yet he knows that while they live and he lives, those four pairs will be watching every move he makes and waiting for something to turn up, perhaps a shred of clothing washed ashore, or a skull, with teeth that can be identified, found on some beach. But, if it is the "perfect crime" or no crime at all, their death watch will be in vain.

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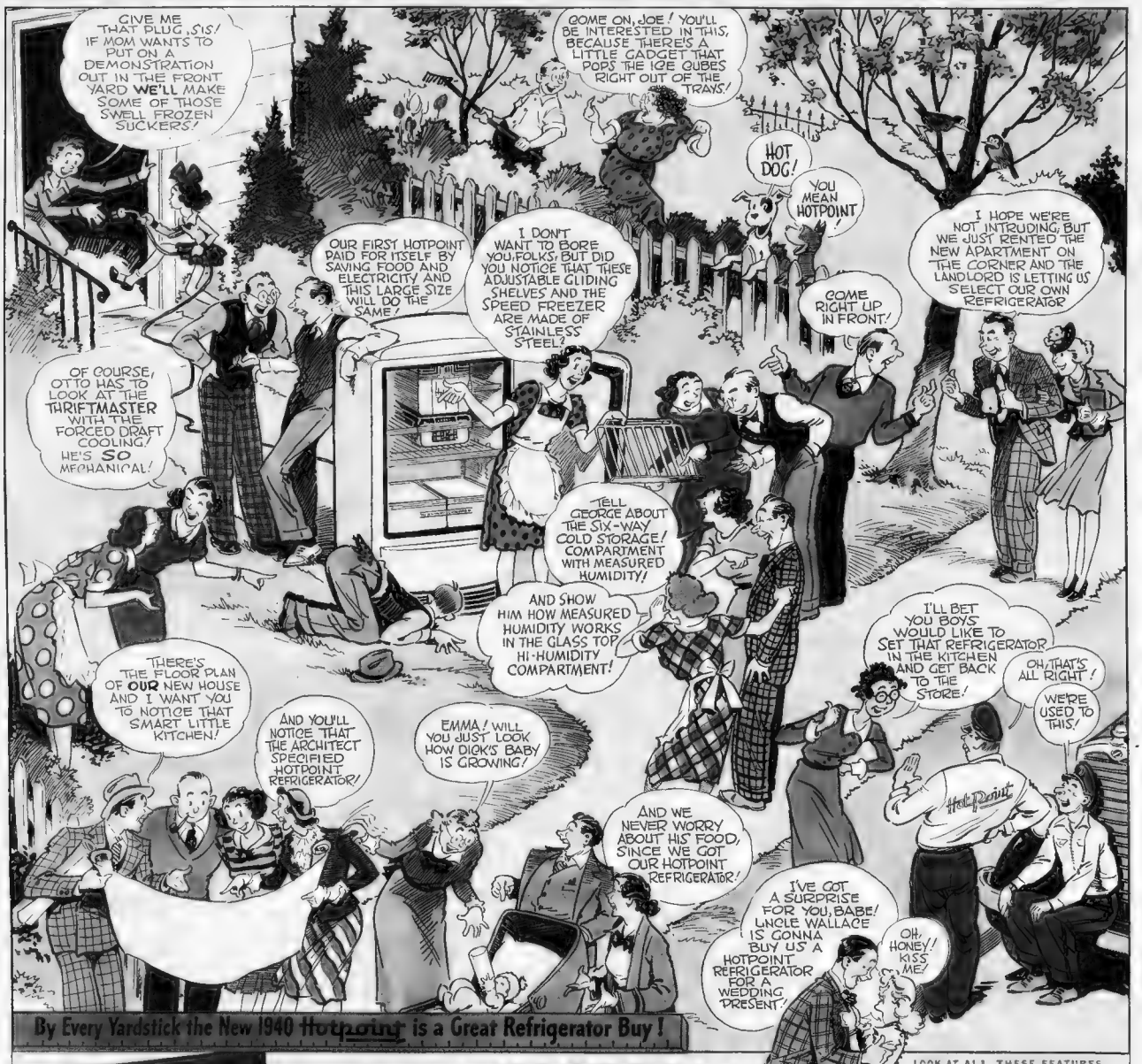

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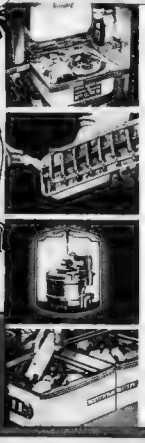

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Whacked Out the Heir to the Wacky Throne of Sarawak

The White Rajah Who Rules Ex-Headhunters Finds It Easier Than Ruling His Family, and Has Just Booted Out His "Unfit" Nephew, and May Name to Succeed Him, Lady Inchcape, Best Behaved of His Three Lively Daughters, Whose Hearts Rule Their Heads

Decorous Leonora, Oldest and Best-Behaved Daughter of the Rajah, Who Will Probably Become Ranee of Sarawak, Where the Ex-Headhunters Call Her "Princess Gold." Her Young Son Is Likely to Get the Throne Eventually.

Married a Band Leader—Princess Pearl, Another Daughter of the White Rajah, Who Managed Better Than Her Sister, Valerie, to Hold On to Her Royal Title.

Married a "Nobody"—Young Anthony Brooke, Nephew of the Rajah, Who Lost the Throne and the Rajah's Favor When He Married a Plain English Girl, Kathleen Hudden.

Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, the White Rajah of Sarawak, Who Has Whacked His Young Nephew Right Out of His Royal Inheritance.

Married a Wrestler—Valerie, the Princess Baba, Who Gave Up Everything Including Her Income to Become Champion Bob Gregory's Wife—and Then She Had Trouble With Him. The Photograph Shows Her in an American Movie.

LONDON, March 7

SIR CHARLES VYNER BROOKE, Rajah of Sarawak, the only Englishman occupying an Oriental throne, has just decreed that his nephew, Anthony Brooke, hitherto known as Rajah Muda, or Crown Prince, is not fit to succeed him.

The real reason for superseding Anthony is said to be his marriage to Kathleen Hudden, an English girl, who is apparently regarded by Sir Charles as a "nobody," socially. Exactly why Miss Hudden is impossible as an Oriental queen is not yet fully explained.

This is one of a series of romantic or extraordinary occurrences in the family of the Rajah of Sarawak. The ruler is descended from an adventurous Englishman of good family who won the throne by heroic and romantic deeds, and his successors have hitherto endeavored by their dignified bearing and vigorous methods to impress their dusky subjects with their divine right to rule over Sarawak.

His descendant, the present Rajah, has had difficulty in maintaining the family prestige. This seems to be because he has three daughters and no sons. They are all pretty.

The oldest daughter, who was christened Leonora, but is known in society as "Princess Gold," on account of her blond beauty, is the only one of the three sisters whose marriage pleased Sir Charles. She became the wife of Lord Inchcape, one of the most prominent ship owners in England. He derived his title from the Inchcape Rock, that celebrated headland off the east coast of Scotland, made famous in a poem by Southey.

Soon after that, however, the second daughter, christened Eliza, but known as "Princess Pearl," jolted her father by marrying Harry Roy, a very popular bandmaster, a "Prince of Jazz" in fact, highly esteemed in night clubs, but not by Sarawak Chiefs.

The white Rajah had barely become reconciled to this marriage, when his third daughter, christened Valerie, but known as "Princess Baba," married Bob Gregory, a British wrestler, and holder of the title "Light Heavyweight Champion of America." This title did not impress the Rajah, and he told the Princess Baba that she was no longer a Princess.

Now the Rajah's nephew has displeased him. His Highness exercises the right to appoint his successor and ordinarily would have named his nearest male relative—his brother, Bertram Brooke. But Bertram is sixty-three years old, so the Rajah thought it advisable to name the brother's son, Anthony W. D. Brooke, as his successor.

After Anthony Brooke married Miss Hudden, the Rajah issued a decree in which he said among other things:

"It appears to us that our nephew is not yet fitted for the exercise of the responsibilities of his high office."

The decree deprived Anthony of all authority and powers which had previously been vested in him when he became Crown Prince last March.

Anthony is twenty-seven years old. He is said to be an unassuming young man, fond of amusements, and does not show the serious character needed in a man who is to rule over 443,000 coffee-colored people. It is possible that he may be restored to his position, but this is not likely as he will have lost dignity in the eyes of the Sarawak community.

His marriage with Miss Hudden was celebrated in Rangoon, British India, which is in the same general part of the world as Sarawak and consequently the prominent people of the latter state will doubtless hear all about the reasons for the Rajah's disapproval.

When Bertram Brooke learned that he was no longer Rajah Muda, he left Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, with his bride for England to take up war work.

Now the interesting suggestion is made that the Rajah's oldest daughter, the Countess of Inchcape, may be named to succeed to the throne. The suggestion comes from her mother, the Ranee of Sarawak, who has been lecturing in the United States.

The Countess is a widow and has a son five years old, who would probably succeed to the throne eventually. The Countess appears to possess a gravity and dignity not belonging to her sisters or her cousin. Her pet name, "Princess Gold," suggests that while she is beautiful, she has solid qualities which would weigh heavily with the natives. "Gold" is a thing for which they have the deepest respect.

"The Countess is a very lovely woman," said the Ranee. "She has spent much time in Sarawak, and adores the natives. But what is most important, the natives worship her. It is a distinct possibility that the Rajah will name a daughter to succeed him."

"I received a letter a few days ago from the Rajah, expressing belief that Anthony was 'too young' and 'unsuitable' for the job.

'It may be the Rajah felt Anthony could not hold the confidence of the natives. The three Rajahs that Sarawak has had in the last hundred years have all been tough, hard-fighting, awe-inspiring men. Anthony isn't like that.

He married the sister of a Government official. I don't like to be snobbish, but the natives are very particular about these things.'

Without explaining how such Scottish ideas were developed by the Sarawakians who are mostly descended from cannibals, the Ranee added: "It was rather an unfortunate marriage."

But "Princess Gold's" marriage was far from unfortunate. The late Lord Inchcape was not only a great ship owner, but the head of a firm doing a great trade with Asia, so that he was well-known in Sarawak.

The Inchcape Rock, near Aberbrothock on the east coast of Scotland, was the cause of many shipwrecks in the Middle Ages.

The Abbot of Aberbrothock, a public-spirited ecclesiastic, placed a great bell on a raft near the rock, so that it would ring whenever the waves moved it, and give warning to sailors that they were in danger. The history of the bell was told in a stirring poem by Robert Southey, the poet laureate:

"The Abbot of Aberbrothock had placed
that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung
And over the waves its warning rung
When the rock was hid by the surge's swell
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover was a terrible pirate who grew rich by wrecking and plundering ships and by every kind of villainy. The bell interfered with his trade, and he decided to remove it. He had himself rowed out to the rock and cut it away from the Inchcape float.

'Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound
The bubbles rose and burst around,
Quoth Sir Ralph 'The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock.'"

The wicked Sir Ralph then sailed away to the East, where he enriched himself with the plunder of innumerable ships. He was a pirate of the old type who made every man on a captured ship walk the plank, and preserved only the good-looking female passengers. Few merchants were able to resist a well-armed pirate.

The seas were not well-patrolled by warships, and even some of these were in league with pirates as the history of Captain Kidd shows.

At last Sir Ralph sailed back to his native shores laden with plunder. He was chuckling as he thought how he would enjoy himself in bonnie Scotland. But when they came near the Inchcape Rock a fog rose up.

There was no bell to warn them where the rock was. If they had heard it, they could have steered away to the East.

"They heard no sound; the swell is strong,
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock.
'O Christ! It is the Inchcape Rock!'
Sir Ralph, the Rover, tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.
But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The devil below was ringing his knell."

Today a lightship protects the mariner from Inchcape Rock. One of Lord Inchcape's ancestors was a captain who had been captured by Sir Ralph the Rover, and forced to walk the plank.

His ancestry and rank made him a more distinguished figure than Harry Roy, the jazz band leader, who married Eliza, "Princess Pearl," second daughter of the white Rajah. While he may not have approved whole-heartedly of Eliza's choice, the Rajah didn't object very strenuously.

The wedding was a noisy affair. A great crowd gathered in the street outside the church and sang ones of the bridegroom's pop songs. Sometimes at a military wedding soldiers with drawn swords form an arch of steel under which the bride and bridegroom pass. At this wedding players with their saxophones provided the arch.

The bystanders, howling "Sarawak," carried the couple from the church to the car.

After the wedding they played a 17-week engagement around England, singing jazz songs to Bandmaster Roy's soprano saxophone. He is a big money-maker.

The Rajah received a greater shock when his youngest daughter, Valerie, "Princess Baba," became engaged to wrestler Bob Gregory. He forbade their marriage, and when it took place, she lost her title and allowance.

Gregory is a first-class man in his line and earns a large income. He even won the title of "Light Heavyweight Champion of America," something no Englishman ever achieved before.

When he found how strongly opposed to him his father-in-law was, Bob offered to go into the wholesale liquor business which is considered an exceptionally dignified occupation in England. "Princess Baba" asked father if this would not soften his heart, but he is reported to have said:

'No. I do not believe he will be a dignified wine and spirit merchant. Probably you will be known as 'Princess Baba au Rhum.'"

Bob Gregory wanted to settle in California, where his wrestling and talents were highly appreciated. Little things began to come between them.

"The trouble is a lot of promoters bill her

(Continued on Page 21)

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

First Come, First Folio

By Edwin Dial Torgerson

How an Adventurous Young Man Hunting a Rare Book, Found the Book But Lost His Heart. A Short Story Complete in This Issue

The Girl Studied Hunt Amusedly. "You Have an English Accent," She Said.
"And You," He Countered, Would You by Any Possible Chance Be Miss Lois Warrington of Lilliput Manor?"

BEAUVOIR INN had a pretty name and the view from its veranda [illegible] through. It peered through moss-hung live oaks across a [illegible] expanse of water between Queens [illegible] the mainland. Before the Civil War, when the island was a fashionable watering place," the Inn had been an up-to-date hotel.

But its fourteen rooms with bath and bath [illegible] had not [illegible] The Young [illegible] In the Eight [illegible] registered is E. Hunt, [illegible] was a quiet young [illegible] for an [illegible] Mr. Hunt [illegible] the first [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SELECTED FICTION

NEXT SUNDAY—MARCH 24—

Watch for Mrs. Caesar—by Wallace Irwin

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Oxford, is it? I'll Earl-of-Oxford you! By heaven, if you don't get off this place——"

A black man-servant who had spied Hunt, offered to show him the azalea gardens, but the visitor was too fascinated by the sounds of conflict. As he turned the corner he saw an old man with chipped white beard and white hair and a face that was apoplectic red. He stood on the steps, shaking his fist at the two men he was berating.

"But you misunderstood us, Colonel!" one of them pleaded. "We didn't mean the Earl of Oxford wrote all of Shakespeare's plays, maybe he just collaborated."

"Collaborated my eye," shouted the Colonel furiously. "Don't try to hedge—I heard you. Get off my place this instant, or by heaven——"

"But business is business, Colonel; we've come to make you an offer."

"Throw your offers to the dogs. I'll have none of them. I'll have no truck with ignorant, uneducated back-biters such as you."

"But we're talking about money, fifty thousand dollars."

"Get off my place," cried the old man, in a tone that began in thunder and ended in a squeak. "I've told you I have nothing for sale."

"But you really have a First Folio, haven't you?"

For answer the old man glared and gurgled inarticulately, and then he stepped into the wide doorway and reappeared almost instantly with a shotgun in his hands.

"Now by heaven do you believe I mean what I say, you counterfeit cowardly knaves—you detractors of a noble name—and I'll fill you full of birdshot."

Mr. Daniels and Mr. Vantine evidently were convinced this time, for they retreated muttering. They scowled at Hunt and he heard one of them say, "That damned fat scoundrel at the hotel——"

Hunt approached the embattled Colonel with an extra-pleasant "Good-mawnin'," to which he almost added, "Mr. Bee."

"Well?" said the Colonel, glowering. "What do you want?"

"Only to see your azaleas, Colonel Warrington."

The old man waved an arm impatiently. "All right, all right, go look at 'em! Sam!" he bellowed. "Where are you, scoundrelly blackamoor?"

It was Lois who appeared, instead of Sam. "I'll show the gentleman how to get to the garden, grandpa," she said, unsmilingly and very businesslike.

"Earl of Oxford," the old man snorted contemptuously. "The impudence of the blackguards!" He stamped off into the house muttering.

* * *

LOIS led the way past the lawns and over a rustic bridge into the wooded plot where grew the azaleas, on bushes high enough to be called trees themselves, a massed profusion of blossoms of an astonishing variety of color tones. But Hunt, while admiring the azaleas enough to give him excuse for loitering, had found a major interest that was only figuratively floral. He thought Lois quite the loveliest feature of the landscape. He laughed with her over the discomfiture of Messrs. Daniels and Vantine. "I came within an ace of making the same unhappy mistake. I was just about to say the Earl of Oxford, in my opinion, wrote Shakespeare's plays."

"For goodness' sake, why?"

That fat fiend at the hotel—he must have given those two chaps the same advice wanted to get us all in trouble."

Of course he did. It's the sixth or seventh time people have come out here and upset grandpa that way. Old Mr. Catesby puts them up to it just because he's jealous of anything stopping anywhere else. It makes poor grandpa furious."

Then he's not working on a book about the Earl of Oxford theory?"

"Yes. But it's the Shakespeare side he's taking. Shakespeare's his very life."

"Of course. I should have known that. He has quite a reputation as a commentator."

She plucked off a withered blossom and let it fall.

"And he has. I have good reason for believing, one of the few First Folio volumes of Shakespeare's plays that are *still* in existence. I heard one of these men who were here offer him fifty thousand dollars for it. I want to buy it. I'll pay more *than* that."

Lois gasped. "Why——why, grandpa hasn't anything that valuable—he couldn't have. Why, he's been terribly *upset* over money matters—why, we're *almost*——" She stiffened. "Oh, I shouldn't be telling you such things. I'm sorry."

"Help me," he said earnestly. "I'm not a dealer in first editions, or a professional buyer. I want the book myself. It is said to be a First Folio *that* came from the library of the Eighteenth Earl of Oxford!"

"The *one* who was supposed to have written the plays?"

"No. The son of that one. The Earl who wrote poetry died in 1640—the First Folio was *printed* in 1623. His son, the Eighteenth Earl, owned this copy."

"But what can I do? she said helplessly. If grandpa has something that valuable he's never told me about it. He'd be dreadfully angry if I hinted."

"Don't hint. *Just persuade* him to let me stay here, as a *paying guest*."

"Well," with a *shy glance* "I don't think anybody would *mind* that very much."

"You're kind *to say that*." The Colonel will let me see his *book treasures*, if I show an intelligent *interest in* them. Don't you think he will?"

Lois *thought so*. She left him in the azalea *garden* while she went to the house to *persuade her* grandfather that Lilliput *should shelter* this stranger. She came back *presently*, pleased and smiling.

"You're to have the Henry Clay bedroom *in the East* wing," she announced, "and Sam is *going* down to the Inn to fetch your luggage."

"Bravo," he said, "and thank you—thank you very, very much."

When the servant came back with Hunt's bags, he took Lois aside to show her something. The Colonel was in his study behind locked doors which was a terse way of saying he was not to be disturbed.

"They've Got It—They've Stolen My Precious Folio," Gasped the Colonel, as Lois and Hunt Rushed to His Side.

"This" said Mr. Hunt producing a thick, battered tome nine hundred pages thick and some nine by fourteen inches in size, "is a First Folio."

She gasped. "Where did you get it?"

"It's an exact facsimile of the original. I picked it up in an out of the way book store just as a curiosity. It has only cost twenty-five or thirty dollars. But it's been 'antiquated' so that it looks like the real thing. What I want to know is has your grandfather got a big book that looks like this?"

Lois shook her head slowly. "I don't know. He has many big books. I've never disturbed things in his study. There's a wall safe in there that I've never looked into—so you see I really don't know."

"Hm. Well, I'll talk to the Colonel. Maybe he'll tell me all about it."

* * *

He talked to the Colonel, though not at once about First Folios. It was the pleasant days entered a second week, he considered that he was making progress. Both in the library with the Colonel and in the azalea garden, when Lois was there.

The Colonel had welcomed him to his home as a gentleman and a scholar when he learned how really ardent about Shakespeare the young man was. Mr. Hunt denounced all Baconians and Oxfordians bitterly. They talked till two o'clock one night.

Two hundred and fifty years after the man was dead, all those years without a word being spoken to question Shakespeare's authorship, these literary detectives began their snooping. I think it's ridiculous, Colonel."

The old man barked. "Preposterous and an outrage!"

"Sixteen of his plays published during his lifetime—during his twenty years in the theatre—and these people build up a silly theory of a 'ghost writer'."

"It's—it's puerile—it's asinine," fumed the Colonel.

"If there was any mystery, why didn't some jealous literary critic of the day bring it up? Why should Ben Johnson and three other poets *list*, in their tributes to the First Folio? Why not a word of denial from the twenty-eight actors *listed* as Shakespeare's associates?"

"Why indeed?" the old man shouted. "It's slanderous. It's monstrous."

"And speaking of First Folios, Colonel, I picked up something on the way here. I want to show it to you."

The old man examined the book casually, flipped its pages. "You don't *think* young man, that you've got a genuine *First Folio* here, do you? It's a photographic *reproduction*. My goodness, haven't you ever *seen a* First Folio?"

"Why—I have seen one, but I never had a good chance to examine one."

The old man was silent a moment, thought. Then he said with sudden decision, "I'll show you a young man the finest First Folio in existence."

He glanced at the drawn, partly-drawn shades. "Somehow," he said with a shrug, "I guess I'm an old fool. I've had it all these years and nobody's bothered it."

He took from a bookshelf several tall, leather-bound volumes and behind them in the wall there appeared the face of an old-fashioned wall safe.

He swung the door open, reverently took out a heavy leather-covered volume, whose stout covers had defied the centuries. It was bound in calf like the facsimile which Hunt removed from the library table to make a place for it.

Here on the cover," said the old man almost in a whisper, "is stamped the crest of its original owner, the Eighteenth Earl of Oxford. But that name was to be added among his many titles, ordered to be struck through after the Seventeenth Earl had died childless, and the title extinct."

Certainly it was a fascinating thing, fascinating to look upon. "This was merely conjecture at first."

It has been in the possession of my family," said the old man proudly, "for hundreds of years. My great-great-great-grandfather had it as a gift from Anne Devere, the Twentieth Earl's sister, the last of the Devere line, died in 1701. It is authentic."

Hunt paled at the excitement as he saw the book flown, affectionately, to the inscription; as he saw the leaves gingerly turned. Droeshout engraving of Shakespeare on the title page, portrait of son's eulogy.

His tone was one of reverence, are there any other inscriptions?"

The old man's voice was firm. "Yes, there are. And it is because of this that this book shall never leave my hands. They would be misinterpreted. They shall never give comfort to those who slander my name. Before I die I shall destroy the book."

"Destroy it!" Hunt gasped. "Why it's worth a fortune!"

"Who steals my purse steals trash," the old man bitterly stated. "But he who taketh away the good name of immortal William Shakespeare——" His voice broke hoarsely. "Such things that!"

Hunt, in turning the pages of the book had stopped at the title page of Love's Labour Lost," for scrawled on the margin was the note: "My father Edward De Vere had a hand in this."

"EDWARD DE VERE, the Seventeenth Earl. The handwriting must be that of his son."

"Yes but what does it prove," the old man shouted. "Edward De Vere was a patron of actors; he had his own company, The Oxford Boys. No doubt he had a hand in many plays he helped to finance. But that does not mean——"

It simply means what I've always said, Colonel. I shouldn't be surprised to learn that I shouldn't think of letting such a priceless treasure——"

"But let these vile conspirators, these literary harpies get their hands on this Folio? No, no by Heaven the book shall die with me."

The Colonel excitedly turned the pages of the Folio missed the crucial page and Hunt facing the situation. He forgot he had heard a new element in the case. His calm over leisurely however, in the article of casual tone. "Nice book we have here, Colonel, you can see the channel in his blinking on and off at night can't you?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, "but I thought you were not interested in Shakespeare."

Hunt threw open a window with a further remark about the warmth of the March night. There was no one on the veranda.

"Well Colonel, I am interested. I am so interested in that Folio that I want to make you an offer for it. I'll pay you three times the market price of the most valuable First Folio ever marketed, let us say sixty thousand dollars."

The old man bristled. "That's you're a dealer a book-buyer too," he said bitterly. I thought as much."

No. I want the Folio myself for my own library. If you will sell it to me Colonel, I promise that nothing shall ever be published concerning it."

The Colonel clasped the big book to his chest protectively. "No," he half-snarled, "it is not for sale. It will never be for sale—at any price." He replaced the Folio in his hidden wall safe, stacked the concealing volumes back in their place.

But Colonel you can't sacrifice a small fortune, simply *for* sentiment. Think what it will mean to——"

I know," the old man interrupted savagely. "I know what it will mean. Think what it will mean to my granddaughter. It belongs to her, you are going to say it is her rightful heritage. But does it belong to her? Does it belong to me? No by heaven—it

(Continued on Page 17)

WHEN an adoring husband tells his charming and lovely bride, "Run around with your own age. Pick a beau or two if you feel like it. You're too sensible to get yourself in a mess," is he blindly throwing her into the arms of temptation?

John Tabor, famous lawyer, the husband, didn't think so. His young wife, Margot, didn't think so.

BUT—there was Rube Halloran, irresponsible, attractive, romantic, and there was Commodore Theodore Mills, scheming philanderer and Tabor's best friend.

What happened?

Wallace Irwin, author of many outstanding novels, contributor to leading periodicals and internationally famous for his "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy," gives you the answer in

MRS. CAESAR

An absorbing new story of love and passion. Set in gay country club and yacht club surroundings, it moves with gripping suspense through dramatic scenes of betrayal, suffering and sacrifice to a triumphant climax.

DON'T FAIL TO START THIS NEW SERIAL NEXT SUNDAY IN THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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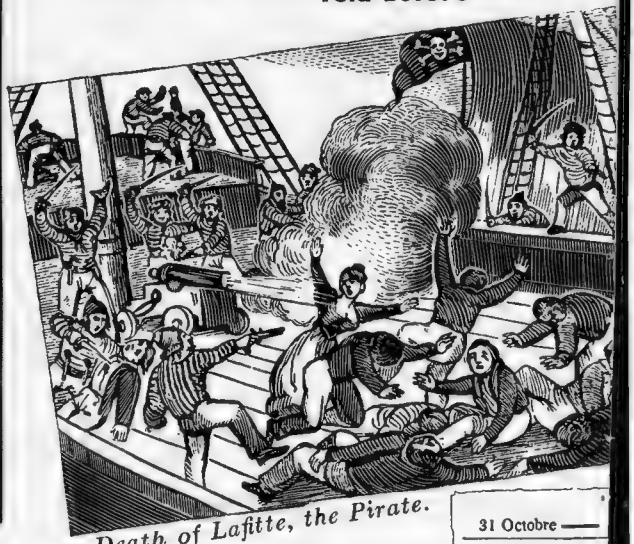
Jean and Pierre Lafitte and Dominique You, Their Trusted Lieutenant, in the Calabdo, the New Orleans Jail. A Remarkable Portrait Study By an Artist of the Time, Named E. W. Jarvis. Jean, at Left, Dominique at Right, Pierre Behind.

On the Treasure T of the Wicked Old Pi

Heave Ho! and Down to the Spanish Mai plorer Wilkins to Join the Search for Piece Bars of Gold, Sparkling Jewels and All Buried Booty of the Jolly Roger's Black Br —Tales of the World's Most Famous Buccan Told Before



Death of Lafitte, the Pirate.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY offers today the ninth of a remarkable series of articles bringing out a number of little known and hitherto unpublished facts about the old pirates and their hidden treasures.

They are written by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer, who is a world-famous authority on the subject, and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating and searching for the blood-stained but glamorous loot of the Gentlemen of the Jolly Roger.

Mr. Wilkins has his plans made for an expedition next year to seek unknown treasures of the best-known of all American pirates, Captain Kidd.

Where the dead man lies his staring eyes
Look out to the Westward—ho!
And none can tell where the dead men dwell
With their treasures down below
—Old Pirate Song.

By HAROLD T. WILKINS,
Explorer and Treasure Seeker.
CHAPTER IX.

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SOMEWHERE within the labyrinth of sinister waterways about the Mississippi delta or the mangrove lined inlets and bayous of Barataria Bay lies hidden fabulous treasures in Spanish gold, precious jewels, heavy minted coins of the Cartagenan Republic, stout British guineas and delicately stamped louis d'ors. There are carefully soldered coffers containing, wrapped in protective cloths, massy gold chalices, churchly vessels, priceless crystals and sets of silver plate from the tables of ancient colonial governors.

There is one great cache worth millions and there are many smaller ones, little stores of individual pirates, where rouleaux of doubloons, silver bars and scraps of jewelry lie hidden. Because within that territory operated one of the greatest organizations of privateering, piracy and smuggling known to history.

For years over a thousand men had their headquarters in the secret islands, and dozens of ships at a time rested, secure from the law, within the protecting shelter of Grande Terre and Grande Isle.

Hundreds of prizes were brought there, unloaded and destroyed; their cargoes of slaves, spices, rich woods and treasure sold and the proceeds banked in New Orleans or hidden in the black swamps to wait for a discovery that will precipitate a gold rush such as Klondike never dreamed of.

This organization could not prevail except under one man whose clear, methodical brain might have led the world had it been put to better use. He was Jean Lafitte, known as man-about-town, Governor of the would-be Mexican colony of Galvez-Town, smuggler, privateer and pirate.

Born at St. Malo, on the coast of Brittany, the famous old seaport cradle of many a blood-thirsty corsair, he went to sea at an early age, voyaging to Africa and the Indies. He joined privateers on the island of Mauritius and robbed several British ships and plundered their cargoes of slaves which he sold in the Seychelles. His fame grew when, with but a small crew, he captured, plundered and scuttled the Ragoga, a rich and well-armed Indiaman. He returned to St. Malo, outfitted the Confiance brig with 26 guns and 250 men and cruised the coast of British India. Off Sands Head in 1805 he sighted the Queen, East Indiaman, carrying 40 guns and with a crew of over 400 men.

"How about it, mes braves?" he called to his men. "Are we strong enough to take yonder fat sea-fowl?"

Such was his mastery and coolness that the crew agreed enthusiastically.

"Good," he replied. "We'll run alongside; she's too high to rake our decks. Lie flat until our bowsprit tangles her rigging, then—you know what—and board."

In eerie silence the slim black pirate slid towards the merchantman. Lafitte crouching on the after-deck spying through a half opened gun port saw the grim gray snouts of 20 cannon run out of the Queen's ports.

"Garde!" he yelled suddenly.

There was a terrific detonation as grape and solid shot crashed and whistled through the pirate's ratlines. He could hear the captain barking orders to his men and watched keenly as his high-billed bowsprit soared over the Indiaman's bulwarks and ripped into her well-tarred rigging.

"Grenades away!" he shouted.

His men leaped to their feet and bombs laden with scrap exploded in the packed ranks of Britishers. Blinded, wounded and terrified, they retreated aft and Lafitte, followed by 40 pirates armed with cutlasses and boarding-pikes, raced along the bowsprit and catheads to board their prey. The Queen's captain, a tall, bronzed, gray-haired man, stood his ground, firing carefully, until a pirate shot brought him dead on his quarterdeck. While the pirates engaged the rallying crew on the maindeck, Lafitte hastily loaded a poop cannon with grape and trained it the length of the ship.

"Garde!" he yelled again.

His men parted leaving the terrified sailors ganging in a compact mass in the stern. Lafitte crouched over the weapon, a smouldering length of rope in his hand. The British eyed the wide muzzle from which dripped fragments of chain, stones and glass, enough to rip them all to bloody shreds.

"Surrender or I fire!" challenged the pirate.

They surrendered.

Some reports say that Lafitte plundered the ship then turned her back to her crew. Others report that he burned the great vessel and sailed away with the dying screams of over 300 men shrilling in his ears.

However, this exploit earned for him a reputation for blood-curdling ferocity and thereafter British vessels were strongly convoyed across the Indian Ocean. Lafitte rounded the Cape of Good Hope and raided the fat slavers of the West African Coast. He took dozens of prizes and sailed for St. Malo with their cargoes of gold dust, palm oil and slaves. But the game was getting too hot; fast frigates were guarding the passage from Sierra Leone to the Channel and he couldn't get his prizes home. He outfitted again and sailed for Guadeloupe where, under French letters of marque, he took many prizes, gradually piling up immense quantities of marketable treasure. But when the British took the island he had to run. He was next heard of in the Republic of Cartagena, a colony in revolt against Spain.

It was an easy matter to obtain letters of marque against Spanish ships and Lafitte harried the Gulf of Mexico with great enthusiasm. But the disposal of prizes was too delayed for his restless spirit. They had to be taken to Cartagena for condemnation, and the Republic was not a good market for their cargoes. Something had to be done.

The Gulf of Mexico was an ideal hunting ground for privateers in the beginning of the nineteenth century. France, England and Spain all had colonies in the West Indies, the Caribbean and the Americas. Mexico exported tons of silver; the islands gave spices, coffee, cotton, sugar and rum; fabulous sums of gold were to be had from the Spanish holdings on the South American coast.

Lafitte had no time to have his prizes condemned in Cartagena, then hawk the cargoes all over the Gulf before he could sell, refit and start for more plunder. But there was a city, the richest in the Gulf: New Orleans. Residents of Louisiana during the years of Spanish domination before 1800 had objected strongly to the stringent Spanish Customs laws; and even after the territory came under the United States, smuggling was still considered a popular sport rather than a criminal offence.

One morning in 1807 two men stepped off a sailing ship on to the levee at New Orleans. One wa bulky, light haired and cross-eyed, a quiet, obser ant person who gave his name as Pierre Lafitt. Accompanying him was a younger man, slim, dark-haired and elegant, who announced himself as Jea brother of his companion. They took a house o the corner of Bourbon and Saint Philip Streets an shortly afterwards opened a blacksmith shop. The

There Are Two Stories of Jean Lafitte's Death —One That He Was Killed On Board His Boat, the Other That He Died On an Island. This Old Print Gives the Boat Version.

31 Octobre —

1000 piastres
SERONT payées
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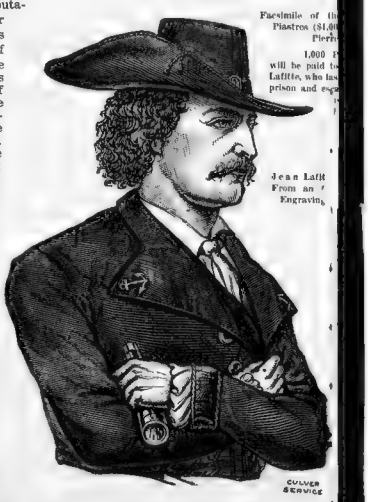

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1,000 P will be paid t Lafitte, who ha prison and esc

Jean Lafit From an Engraving

CULVER SERVICE

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With Ex-
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Thomas Beale,
Régister.

de récompense
à quiconque arrêtera
FITTE qui, la nuit
prison de paroisse et
Pierre Lafitte est de
10 pouces, fortement
teint et les yeux un
in croi

Broadsheets Offering 1,000 Reward for the Arrest of Lafitte. It Reads:

ASTRES REWARD

whoever shall arrest Pierre night broke out of the parish ged. The said Pierre Lafitte 5 feet 10 inches high, strong- built, has a fair complexion and is a little cross-eyed.

General Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans—the Repulse of England's Veterans by Jackson's Backwoodsmen. From a Painting by the American Artist, D. M. Carter. In This Battle Jackson Was Assisted by the Lafitte Brothers.

A Woodcut of 1814 Purporting to Show Governor Claiborne of Louisiana (At Left) Pleading With General Jackson (At Right) to Accept the Services of the Lafittes in the Defense of New Orleans Against the British.

two were not talkative about their affairs. They patronized the Absinthe Bar, standing at its counter where water taps, dripping incessantly, had worn shallow depressions in its stone stop. They sipped absinthe drips and talked with ship masters and plantation owners from the rich cotton country up the Mississippi.

Sometimes they were absent for days from their usual haunts, but no one asked questions. In New Orleans there were many secretive characters: refugees from the Napoleonic wars, filibusters from the Gulf, Spanish secret agents, French spies and quick-eyed Americans from the unknown country to the northwest.

In January 1808 a law was passed by Congress forbidding the importation of slaves into the United States. Up to this time the price of a good, healthy Guinea boy had been a few hundred dollars. A Negro could be purchased on the African coast for $20. The price in Cuba, where the traffic was now diverted, was $300. But in Louisiana, where hundreds of slaves were needed for cotton and sugar plantations the price rose as high as $1,000. So slave smuggling became one of the most lucrative professions.

The blacksmith shop on Saint Philip Street was a splendid blind. Slaves with a knowledge of forging were worth much more than field hands, so they were apprenticed to the trade in the Lafitte shop and to it came plantation owners to examine their sleek-muscled purchases and see for themselves that they knew their jobs.

Up to this time Lafitte had held Cartagenian letters of marque, but he preferred the land to the heaving decks of a ship, and decided to act as agent for privateers.

The brothers' house became the meeting place of wealthy merchants. Fine silver and linens decorated the hospitable tables. Smuggled silk, furnishings, and exotic curios decorated the home, which was also the salesroom. Jean Lafitte, polished, courteous, witty, entertained regally, and there was always Adelaide Maselari, a tall lissome girl, who ministered deftly to the guests, seeing that their glasses were never empty, their cigars fresh.

Stealing into New Orleans, privateers from the Gulf noted and envied the Lafitte establishment. They needed an agent for their plunder disposal, a man with influence, one who knew all the higher-ups. They wanted to bring their plunder to New Orleans and they needed a man to guide them. Lafitte was chosen.

He had a magnificent idea. Why trouble to take the prizes back to Cartagena? Why not establish a haven near New Orleans? Then the prizes could be scuttled and the cargoes sold without waste of time.

The Louisiana coast is a maze of inlets, bays, bayous and waterways. Boats could travel for many miles inland through twining canals hidden among cypresses and lofty canebrakes. The secret waterways, infested by alligators, deadly serpents and venomous insects were death for those who did not know them. But Lafitte found fishermen who could mark passages and establish hideouts.

Barataria Bay was chosen for the privateers' harbor. It is hidden from the Gulf by two islands Grande Terre and Grande Isle. Each is six miles long and a mile across, separated by a channel wide and deep enough for the passage of ocean vessels. The Bay is about 18 miles long and from its northern end dozens of creeks lead into the sheltering and deadly swamps. Blackbeard had used the Bay as a hiding place in 1718.

Grande Terre was chosen as headquarters. Its trees concealed vessels in the Bay from the Gulf. It protected them from Gulf hurricanes and was populated only by a few fishermen.

The colony grew swiftly in size and desperation. The scum of jails, adventurers hiding from the law, harpies and hangers-on seeking quick money made it their lair. There were fights, brawls, robberies and murder. Jean Lafitte in his elegant drawing-room in New Orleans pondered the matter.

"There is too much waste without proper organization," he told his brother. "I will go to Grande Terre and make arrangements to handle their prizes. I may remain to direct their operations. You will stay in New Orleans as business agent."

He journeyed two days by pirogue through winding, snake-ridden bayous, across desolate swamps where egrets swooped like ghosts until he arrived at the open Bay. There were about six hundred desperadoes on Grande Terre; Frenchmen, Italians, Portuguese, New Englanders, Dutch outcasts from Santo Domingo and Guadeloupe and "free men of color." Men who lived by danger, who killed as easily as they drank the fiery rum they stole; men who sailed the Gulf to plunder and returned to Grande Terre to throw away their gains in gambling, carousing, dalliance with the dark-eyed, impudent wenches who swaggered the sandy beach in flamboyant silks. There had been trouble between the privateers and the fishermen whom they had robbed of their land. But Lafitte's arrival put a stop to that. Most of them had heard of him. His reputation as an agent was established and his background as implacable pirate gave him tremendous prestige. He was a tall man, well over six feet, dark haired, unsmiling, with a cold eye that demanded obedience. Before long the hard-bitten roistering rovers had chosen the immaculate, dark-clothed elegant "boss," or leader.

He formed a kind of trust—a racket. He never permitted himself to be called pirate. He admitted quite frankly that he was a smuggler, but he claimed that the seizures of ships by authority of his letters of marque were legitimate.

His fame grew and resounded over the Caribbean. To him came Dominique You, swarthy, wall-eyed native of Santo Domingo, ex-cannoneer of Napoleon, privateer dreaded all along the Spanish Main for his daring exploits. Within a year he was Lafitte's chief and most trusted lieutenant. The colony attracted desperadoes from the seven seas; Vincent Gambi, surly, hot tempered Italian pirate, scar-faced Chgizola, nicknamed "Cut Nose" for his saber slashed proboscis; Captain William Mitchell who tried to be a second Lafitte and hanged for it; and Rene Beluche, another artillery-man, also to be an important officer in Lafitte's colony.

By this time he was a power in the land. He lived in both Grande Terre and New Orleans. In the latter he was a pleasant, smooth-spoken man-about-town; he patronized balls, cafes, routs and receptions, he was a guest in the best homes - mostly of his clients. But on Grande Terre he was a dictator, a cool headed leader of desperadoes who kept the men in subjection by nothing more than his deadly quiet. He built a great house there of brick to keep it cool against the blistering Gulf sun. It was furnished with the finest pieces; plate and equipment would have done credit to a Parisian palace; in fact, many of the articles with which it was appointed had been intended for the palaces of European grandees.

He ordered that all Grande Terre vessels must hold Cartagenian letters of marque, which he issued and which permitted them to war against Spanish ships, but Spaniards only.

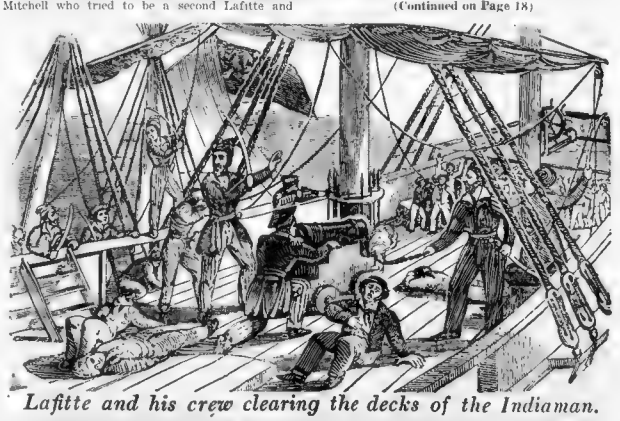
So Jean Lafitte lived, his great house surrounded by the straw shacks of his followers. There were cafes run by disabled privateersmen, hospitals for the sick, gambling huts and inns for the amusement of those who robbed at sea to be robbed on shore. He had little personal dealings with his men; he didn't care what they did as long as they stayed within his laws and played square with him. Occasionally he unbent and drank or gamed with them.

On one such party a card was to be cut to decide whether Lafitte or a brawny, tattooed seaman should have a pile of doubloons that lay on the table. Lafitte had won many such cuts and the men about him were muttering suspiciously. As he stretched forward his long white hand he saw mugs pushed back and knives loosened in their scabbards. Suddenly he straightened and a pistol appeared as if by magic in his slim fingers.

"We'll find an outsider to cut the cards," he decided.

One of the men remembered his daughter Marie, living across the channel on Grande Isle. He was sent to fetch her while Lafitte coolly watched the scowling gang surrounding him. The child entered,

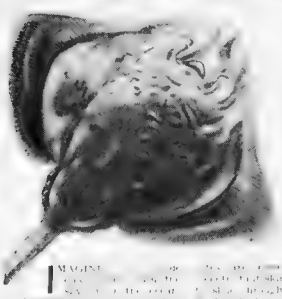
(Continued on Page 18)

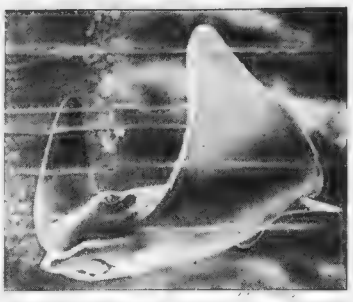


Lafitte and his crew clearing the decks of the Indiaman.

Old Print Showing Jean Lafitte Leading His Pirates to the Deck of a Rich East India Company Merchantman and Turning the Cannon Upon the Crew — This Was Before the Arrival of the Two Piratical Brothers in America.

LIVING KITES That Fly in the Ocean





The Unusual Photograph at the Left Was Taken at the Berlin Zoo, and Shows a RAY as Seen From the Under side. The Picture at the Right Graphically Caught the Strange Flying Motion of the Fish's "Flippers" as It Propels Itself Through the Water

I MAGINE ... Say ... the ocean ... Dotted here ... there ... the ... ging kites. Other ... are currents. Nature ... Purge ... that fortune ... when she ... ray and ... art of ... live kites ... pull them ... they can ... ray one ... Berlin Aquarium ... photographer ... Babel. What ... this ... graceful ... wings ... to the name ... the air.

Ichthyologists ... convinced, as a ... taken by ... chanics of the sky and the sea ... but a very few ... but a very few of these ... religious art ... Classic Style. ... as well as to ... sons also know ... entire age ... something ... the Madonna ... the Christ Child.

It was more ... Spirited ... pictures ... from ... to some ... were ... distressed ... rather than ... distresses of the ... people ... For the ... No one ... who ... ers of the Modern Era ... to borrow ... minds ... poses ... dress ... to ... with their ... about ... lease of ... these fumbling ... efforts.

But every ... to other ... The ... and the ... Star ... to ... every ... style ... and ... Mother ... the ... expression ... Other ... portrayed ... Child ... Spectre ... that ... Avoid ... pose ... which ... be ... Lest ... sacred ... subjects ... Holy ... the ... Child ... England.

It ... however that ... sensational ... art ... is ... ing ... ever ... to ... the ... field ... today. ... Now ... new ... people ... who ... have ... been ... shocked ... out ... their ... of ... to ... modern ... dress. ... Consider ... the Virgin ... Mary ... as ... some ... Negress ... at ... Perhaps ... because ... they ... understand ... that ... an ... artist ... is ... trying ... to ... just ... still ... get ... for ... that ... from ... the ... stage ... of ... the ... classics ... of ... other ... days.

The ... South ... figure ... of ... Madonna ... and ... Child ... shown ... at ... the ... left ... is ... a ... striking ... example ... of ... this ... form ... of ... attitude. ... When ... it ... was ... recently ... exhibited ... in ... New ... York ... it ... provoked ... many ... caustic ... remarks. ... Most ... of ... the ... people ... who ... saw ... the ... figure ... in ... these ... cities ... in ... the ... same ... way ... felt ... that ... the ... artist ... had ... utterly ... failed ... to ... capture ... the ... feeling ... of ... holiness ... that ... pervades ... a ... gathering ... of ... devout ... worshipers. ... Could ... that ... be ... because ... they ... are ... not ... in ... the ... habit ... of ... seeing ... the ... Madonna ... and ... Child ... in ... the ... same ... way ... they ... see ... the ... people ... in ... the ... subway ... or ... the ... supermarket?

Art ... pointed ... out ... that ... the ... figure ... over ... sculptor ... Epstein's ... rather ... heavy-handed ... statue ... of ... Jesus ... that ... there ... is ... no ... logical ... reason ... why ... the ... Messiah ... in ... the ... Virgin ... Mary ... should ... not ... be ... represented ... as ... the ... sort ... of ... modern ... person ... He ... became ... during ... the ... past ... 2 ... centuries ... artists ... and ... sculptors ... have ... given ... highly ... personal ... treatments ... to ... the ... faces ... and ... figures ... of ... the ... Lord ... and ... His ... Mother, ... making ... them ... look ... like ... Italians, ... Dutchmen, ... Anglo-Saxons ... and ... even ... like ... almond-eyed ... Orientals.

CAMERA, FEATURE PHOTO

Even Disciples of the Classic School Find Nothing to Quibble About in This Streamlined Figure of the Madonna and Christ Child Designed by a Modern Italian Artist.

Streamlining Religious Art

FOR almost ... centuries ... artists ... and ... sculptors ... have ... been ... their devout ... versions of The Virgin Mary and The Christ Child. Their canvases and their statues have varied in appearance ... in spirit ...

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Non-Greasy ... Stainless ...
Takes odor from perspiration
Use before or after shaving
Non-irritating ... won't harm dresses
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GUARANTEE—Money refunded if you do not agree that this new cream is the best deodorant you've ever tried! The Odorono Company, Inc., 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

1 Full Oz., 35¢
NOT JUST A HALF OZ.

Incidentally, when Benjamin Franklin drew electricity out of the sky with his kite he was hitting an old trick that the ray has practiced for thousands of years. The ocean kites have been flying smoothly through the water and picking up electricity right along. Some of the species use the current to shock their prey into submission.

While the ray's face is often comic to look at, the small fry on which it feeds don't see anything to laugh at. It only goes to prove that humor depends on the point of view.

The ray, because of its small mouth, has to approach its prey by stealth and the favorite method is to dart suddenly over it and smother it with its wide, flat body. When it is the ray's turn to get caught, epicures rave over its flesh which is considerably improved by large quantities of fat butter, but the average person dislikes the fish as an article of diet, preferring instead the more familiar fish of commerce.

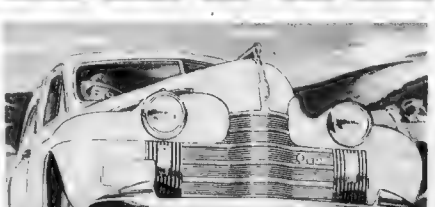
The funny-faced ray gets thousands of visitors at the Berlin Zoo every year, and the children love to watch his pop eyes while their fathers ... as often as not ... along ... camera to try to get shots as good as these.

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. Don't miss them if you want to be well informed of scientific progress!

BIGGER PACKAGE FOR YOUR MONEY!

YOU bet it's *big!* Whether you measure, length, breadth, or room inside, the sensational Oldsmobile Sixty is bigger and better in everything. That's why it's the year's smash hit in the low-price field. You get more style—more individuality. You get more comfort—more luxury. You get more modern features—more quality in every part. Check up for yourself. Compare it with other low-priced cars. Any way you figure, you get a bigger package for your money when you buy a quality Olds.

BETTER MILEAGE ON YOUR GAS!



You want economy! You want performance! Olds Sixty is the low-priced car that gives you both—in a great big way! Gasoline mileage has been improved—even over last year's Sixty. At the same time, power has been stepped up—to 95 H. P. The result is spectacular getaway—sparkling open-road performance—with even greater power in reserve. The same superiority extends throughout the Oldsmobile line. The popular-priced Olds Seventy combines six-cylinder economy with eight-cylinder size and performance. And the magnificent Custom 8 Cruiser is the most luxurious car ever offered at medium price. See your Oldsmobile dealer. Take a thrilling trial drive in a bigger and better Olds!

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OLDSMOBILE

BIGGER AND BETTER IN EVERYTHING!

SEE YOUR NEAREST OLDSMOBILE DEALER!

(Continued from Page 13)

doesn't belong to any of us if it belongs to anyone."

Then that a curse to destroy it.

No, no curse. He did not, said Shaw. "A curse is a serious professional matter. It would be foolish to curse the book. The foolish curse would be the curse of God, and I have yet to see the curse of God on anything. No curse. The gospel of this book is still on the shelves. Hip! He took this book copy in his hand. Perhaps you'd like to hear what Wells says more about it. Oh! I right, I could, and that's very

NEXT morning in the izaka garden, he told Lesh he had been, and failed.

I suppose," he said. I should, sir, go back to this lovely place and live once more on the bounties of nature."

I thought he'd like a little stroll before he went back to the cares of trade.

I thought," he felt a little stroll before he went back to the cares of trade. I thought you were going to stay two or three weeks."

He laughed. By the Lord, if Arch Post sees me. Don't you see? I feel so safe in another here in your home but if you'd just asked me."

I'll ask you," she said with a little sob in her voice. "It's really so lonely here." And then "Good morning, Mr Post."

Mr. Post came, very close to Lou charmingly, as though he'd stuck his face in a basket of apples. But he was growing he evidently sniffed away.

Mr. Hunt couldn't help it. His small hand was very close to his on the bench and he seized and said it. And perhaps he would not been left if he hadn't big eyes, and seen up brooding the azalea garden.

P. M. Pabst said Lesmessily. He's being a some body else not to see the place.

Mr. Pabst, the real estate man, a spot to person who has been pretty good to Arthur's sister. Now she's in the azalea garden with

Mr. Lesh's pretty set in the garden."

It was the awakening Mr. Parsons was the Colonel's shotgun had not a few days be-

FIRST COME, FIRST FOLIO

[illegible] reporters [illegible] reporters [illegible] reporters disputed me. They asked me if that was why I came, and I said them neither yes nor no. If [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WHEN THE BUCCANEERS ROAMED THE SEAS

(Continued from Double Page)

quaking with fear at the tall coldly smiling man and the scowling, carringed ruffians opposite him. To calm her she cut the cards—the ten of diamonds—in favor of Lafitte. He laughed and raked in the gold, flicking one doubloon to the child, who kept it until her death. He seemed to welcome such dramatic contre-temps, seemed to enjoy placing himself in peril that he might demonstrate his coolness and fill the bullying, growling privateersmen with proper awe.

At this time there was some objection to Lafitte's order that only Spanish vessels could be attacked. Those ships which solved safe in their Barataria stronghold were for attacking every ship they saw.

"Only Spanish ships" said Lafitte with deadly quiet

All seemed to agree except Vincent Gambi the Italian

"Prizes are prizes!" he spat "We'll take what we want"

He resigned from the council and gathered a group of Italians who were in the habit of meeting in his house across the inland Lafitte learned that he was planning revolt. Quietly he went to the Gambi house and as he entered the verandah, a mighty Italian, silk handkerchief about his head and great flashing rings in his ears, snatched a pistol and made for him

"Gambi's men take orders from Gambi," he shouted

Lafitte's pistol barked and the man dropped. In complete silence Lafitte turned his back on twenty pistols and strolled back to his great house. In that silence the revolt died

By this time dozens of ships lay in Barataria Bay. Pirates offered their prizes to him accepting his low payments rather than trouble to take them to proper prize courts. As his fame grew so did his precautions. He built a fort below his house on a shell mount that gave it a commanding position. The fort faced the open Gulf to the south; to the north it commanded privateering vessels and smaller boats by which booty was transferred up the bay and bayous to New Orleans. For years Lafitte kept the fort garrisoned although he had no occasion to use it

By this time the authorities in New Orleans were uneasy at the lawless gang in Barataria Bay. Governor Claiborne decided to take action, but he was practically without support. Most of the leading merchants of the town were making enormous profits out of Lafitte's cheap smuggled goods. Plantation owners depended on him for slaves. Grymes, United States attorney the Governor's chief assistant and others equally important were open friends of Lafitte. They visited him at Grande Terre and invited him to their houses. Nevertheless Governor Claiborne wrote the following letter in September, 1810

"You have no doubt heard of the late introduction of African slaves amongst us. Two cargoes have already been smuggled into this territory by the way of Barataria and Lafourche, and I am fully convinced from a variety of circumstances which have come to my knowledge that an extensive and well laid plan exists to evade or to defeat the operation of the Laws of the United States on that subject. The open and daring course which is now being pursued by a set of brigands which infest our coast and overrun our country is calculated to excite the strongest indignation in the breast of every man who feels the slightest respect for the wise and politic institutions under which we live

At this moment upwards of one hundred slaves are held by some of our own citizens in the very teeth of the most positive laws and notwithstanding every exertion that has been made by general means to be the disposition to aid in the concealment that but faint hopes are entertained of detecting the parties and bringing them to punishment. I have thought it advisable to...call upon you to use all the means in your power to give efficacy to a system of law founded on the purest principles of humanity and the soundest views of enlightened policy."

But the letter seemed to have little effect.

"Vessels clearing out of New Orleans," said a Treasury Department communication, "have been captured and every soul murdered"

In 1812 Lafitte established a branch station known as the Temple, a shell mound covered with oaks, to the west of Lake Barataria. There he held auctions that were attended by the merchants of New Orleans, sometimes selling as many as four hundred slaves in a single day. Some of his vessels went by way of Bayou Lafourche and came out in the Mississippi north of New Orleans, and there, in the town of Donaldson, another Lafitte headquarters was established where all manner of smuggled goods were offered for sale

And Grande Terre became a very hell of lawlessness. Visitors from New Orleans came to join its secret orgies, fights between smugglers and their patrons were frequent. Many a time the clean white sand was required to conceal the stain of murder in the sun-soaked island. Here Lafitte fought four duels until his prowess as a swordsman caused even the doughtiest pirate to hesitate before confronting him

Odd Old Woodcut of the Fight Between Lafitte and the Queen East Indiaman. The Legend Reads "Lafitte's Pyrates Boarding the Queen."

BUT Governor Claiborne was a persistent man. A troop of dragoons under Captain Andrew Hunter Holmes was sent in boats down the bayous to Grande Terre Jean Lafitte laughed at them: his men knew every passage in the Delta. It was impossible for forty dragoons to blockade Barataria and for several months the troops were easily dodged until one night the smugglers were careless.

Two of them were traveling by pirogue towards New Orleans with a small load of contraband. They were slipping down a dark and silent bayou. Frogs were croaking and the musky stink of an alligator permeated the mist.

Suddenly a challenge rang out. "Halt! Who goes there?"

Frantically the smugglers dug in their paddles. There was another haul.

"Halt, or we fire!"

They were close to the mangrove roots. Then a musket banged and a bullet plunked into the water beside them. They stopped and a boat filled with dragoons crunched alongside

"Where's Lafitte?" demanded the sergeant in charge

"Don't know him," snarled the prisoners

But Holmes was clever. He confiscated the contraband and set the men free. They returned to their headquarters jubilant at their escape

"The fools just took the goods and let us go," they jeered

This action gave the smugglers more confidence. A few nights later five armed skiffs and pirogues sailed from the Temple laden with cinnamon and other booty. Pierre and Jean Lafitte were in the party and they made good time, not bothering about concealment since the dragoons were supposed to be thirty miles away. It was moonlight and the boats sailed easily. One of the smugglers was whining a song to a mandolin and all was peace. Then a fleet of small boats shot out of the inky shadows ahead

"Halt!" came Holmes' voice

The Baratarians fled in wild confusion. There was not much wind and their paddles churned the black water desperately. Holmes' boat was overhauling them rapidly. Jean Lafitte stood up

"What boat is that?" he called

"United States troops," answered the dragoon

"Come nearer and we'll fire into you," Lafitte announced clearly But the troops came on. When Lafitte saw the white facings of Holmes' uniform and the leveled muskets of his men he ordered his smugglers to save themselves. But Holmes acted quickly. He ordered all his boats save one to land. His own boat guarded the smugglers' escape by water. In wild disorder Lafitte's men turned inland to halt at fifteen muskets levelled in their faces.

"All right," said Jean. "We surrender."

But one boat still tried to get away. A government boat rowed after it in the blackness. There was a volley of shots, a chorus of yells. The boat was towed back with one dead and two wounded smugglers lying in the bottom.

The contraband amounted to over four thousand dollars, an important confiscation in those days, and twenty-five prisoners were taken to New Orleans. But the Lafittes did not remain in prison. In a few days bail was paid and Jean was strolling calmly about the cafes and public houses of the city

By now he was a popular figure. Men admired his coolness, women his elegant dress and bravery. He was a sort of Robin Hood, dangerous, exciting, engaged in a popular though illegal sport which brought fine wines, lovely silks and much amusement to the cafe society of the period

Then he returned to Grande Terre and smuggling was resumed. The Temple was the principal market for those intent of buying a kaffle of slaves from the Gulf blackbirders. Jean Lafitte strolled the leafy squares of New Orleans, drinking with friends, bowing to indignant officials and behaving much as if he owned the place. Governor Claiborne demanded that Federal troops be sent to destroy the stronghold at Barataria. But when troops got there they found the island deserted, the warehouses empty They raided the Temple only to learn that Lafitte's spies had warned him and that he had switched his activities to Donaldson

When Congress declared war on Great Britain it became more difficult for the Governor to take action against the pirates; all his men and money were required for defense against the enemy who were blockading every American seaport. In October a small force of dragoons surprised a Lafitte party just outside New Orleans, but they were beaten off with heavy losses. This was too much for the Governor. He caused to be presented the following proclamation.

"I do solemnly caution all and singular the citizens of the State against giving any succor to the said Jean Lafitte and his associates, but to be aiding and abetting in arresting him and them, and all others in like manner offending, and do furthermore, in the name of the State offer a reward of $500.00, which will be paid out of the Treasury to any person delivering the said Jean Lafitte to the Sheriff of the Parish of New Orleans, or to any Sheriff in the State, so that the said Jean Lafitte may be brought to Justice."

The above was posted in prominent places about the city. But in two days another proclamation appeared beside the first, a notice signed by Jean Lafitte, which offered a reward of $1500.00, for the arrest and delivery in Grande Terre of Governor William Charles Cole Claiborne'

Everyone howled with laughter. Every customer visiting the headquarters told of the effect of Lafitte's proclamation and guffawed at the Governor's rage Lafitte decided on a bolder insult

Suddenly there appeared in every coffee house and bar in the city hundreds of handbills advertising the auction of four hundred and fifteen prime slaves and a large supply of imported goods which would be put on the block at the Temple on January 20th

The Creoles were delighted at his Gallic impudence and thousands turned out to watch the fun

(Continued on Page 20)

Her chic little bonnet of smart silken braid wears a striking veil, a red, red rose.

A New Easter Bonnet can Halt a man but a Winning Smile can Hold him!

Your smile is yours alone, far too precious to risk! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

THE EYE-CATCHING smartness of a new Easter bonnet—how quickly it captures a man's glance! But once his attention is halted, it takes a winning smile to hold him.

For no girl can make a lasting impression with a dull and dingy smile. Don't let *yourself* in for this tragic mistake. Never neglect your teeth and gums. Never dismiss lightly that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* It may not mean anything serious, but let him decide. Often, he will tell you your gums have become tender from lack of exercise. And the fault frequently lies with our modern, soft foods. His verdict may be "more work for those weakened gums"—and, like many dentists, he may suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Try Ipana and Massage

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Feel that delightful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage, as circulation awakens in the gums—stimulates them—helps make gums firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's. Let Ipana and massage help you to a smile you can be proud of!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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STYLES THAT WERE STOLEN FROM MEN

This Pretty Girl, With Her Modern Version of the Scotch Bonnet, Has a Masculine Fashion to Thank for Her Chic Appearance.

For Centuries the Hardy Highlanders of Bonny Scotland Have Been Going Around in Trim Little Bonnets That Hug the Head, Flatter the Features and Provide Comfortable Protection From the Cold Winds, Even If They Do Not Keep the Sun Out of the Eyes. Some of the Lads, Like the Piper Above, Stick a Long Feather in Their Caps and Fasten the Thing On With a Well-Turned Buckle. Many a Modern Woman Finds the Traditional Headgear of the Scotchman a Flattering "Feminine" Fashion.

ORIGINALITY is supposed to be the hallmark of Paris style. But the designers frequently resort to old ideas for "new" vogues in feminine headgear. They frankly admit that it is impossible to keep on, season after season, concocting chapeaux which haven't been popular at some time in the past.

In the busy ateliers of Parisian milliners there are shelves of illustrated books showing the headpieces that women—and men, too—have worn for centuries. These style libraries are so complete they even include the toppieces worn by the citizens of Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs and of the Mediterranean world during the golden age of Greece and the reign of the Caesars.

This voluminous source of inspiration" for modern hat styles includes every type of headpiece worn in Europe during the Middle Ages. From the simple "Juliet cap" of Fifteenth Century Italy to the elaborate creations of velvet and feathers that were the last word in the courts of the British and French kings generations later, the record has been preserved.

Now and then the hat-makers openly "steal" some old-fashioned style with no attempt to give this style a modern twist for women of the present day. One hat style that is not even an adaptation but duplicates an old-time vogue is shown in the photograph at the left. It is the familiar and becoming Scotch bonnet.

The pie-shaped hats of the "beef-eaters" who guard the Tower of London have also been appropriated by milliners for the world's womenfolk.

As one of the leading modistes of the French capital put it:

"It must be apparent to anyone at all familiar with the history of the British Isles, that milliners stole these styles from men. It so happens that the Scotch cap is becoming to almost every type of feminine face and that the beef-eater's hat has a certain medieval chic."

These are not the only examples of masculine contribution to feminine fashion. At least twice during the last generation the fuzzy bushy, that towering, bearskinned top-piece worn by the soldiers of the British Royal Guard, has been the model for women's hats of similar design. And the military helmet with a festoon of feathers has been more frequently copied.

Even the big-visored caps of the race track jockeys have been the masculine inspiration for styles of hats that women all over Europe and America were quite jauntily as something entirely "new" in the field of feminine head-gear.

The World's Queerest Family?

STUDENTS of vital statistics believe that there isn't another family in the world like the Whitefields, who have lived on the outskirts of London for more than a century.

The clan, descended from the famous English preacher, George Whitefield, has a complete record of its births and deaths in the old family Bible, and this record mystifies and amazes the statisticians.

Of the dozens of males born to Preacher Whitefield and his descendants, every one came into the world on a Friday. And all the girls of the family, without exception, arrived on a Thursday.

One member of the family a Minnie Whitefield -- died in Canada a few years ago. She was one of the few women in the world who ever had three sets of twins in a row. In order not to break the strange string of coincidences this woman had one set of boy twins on a Friday and one set of twin girls on a Thursday. The third set of twins consisted of a boy and a girl. Believe it or not, the family Bible records that the stork delivered the girl late one Thursday night and waited until early Friday morning before presenting the household with the boy twin.

DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION

Let the Famous Medicated Cream That's Aided Thousands . . . Help Clear Up Your Complexion

●A poor complexion can cheat you of a lot of life's fun!...Don't try to "cover up" a skin that's rough-looking or marred by externally caused blemishes!

Do as thousands of beauty-wise modern women are doing today. Let *Noxzema*, the dainty, snow-white *Medicated* Skin Cream help restore your natural, healthy skin beauty.

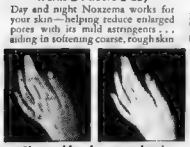
Works 24 hours a day

Day and night Noxzema works for your skin—helping reduce enlarged pores with its mild astringents . . . aiding in softening coarse, rough skin . . . soothing *irritated* skin . . . helping heal up externally caused blemishes.

How to use—Massage your face and neck with Noxzema each night—it's *greaseless*—a real pleasure to use! In the morning rinse your face thoroughly in cold water and apply a thin film as a base for make-up. You'll find it a grand day-long protective foundation.

Limited time offer

For a *limited time* you can get a generous 25¢ trial size jar of Noxzema for only 19¢. See if Noxzema can't help solve *your* skin problems. Get a jar *today* at drug and dept. stores.



Chapped hands are cut hands

Rough, red Chapped Hands *need* soothing medication. Smooth Noxzema into the itchy cracks. *Feel* the soothing relief...*see* how Noxzema helps restore hands to normal, soft white loveliness.

25¢ JAR ONLY 19¢

America's most delicious ham!

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

NOW MORE TENDER and TASTIER THAN EVER!

● This magnificent ham is the climax of Armour's 73 years of constant progress!

Two exclusive Secret Processes give you this unique combination of tenderness and taste! First, ARMOUR'S-OWN Curing. Second, Armour's "Stop-Watch" Control in smoking. Together, they create the mouth-watering tenderness, the mild and delicate flavor of a perfect ham.

Each step is supervised by Armour's Quality Control Committee, a group of experts who set the most rigid standards of excellence—and permit no departure from them!

Convince yourself! Your dealer has an Armour's Star Ham for you, with that world-famous Tru-Ham flavor. Your first taste will prove to you, it's America's most delicious ham!

Look for this new Easter Package at your dealer's!

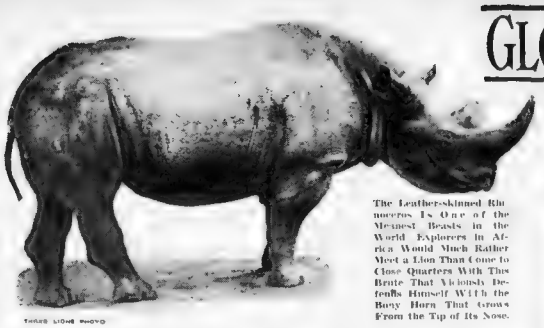
Ask for ARMOUR'S STAR HAM... it's the GRADE-A brand

(Continued from Page 18)

that Saturday morning, Lafitte appeared with his slaves and contraband as per schedule and surrendering to the United States. A hard case and brave and leading an army of cutthroats managed to escape to Texas, among whom he sent word to Captain Dominique [illegible] to arrest [illegible] was Mr. [illegible] at Barataria by [illegible] by state [illegible] was [illegible] early [illegible] and the last battle [illegible] Lafitte [illegible] to consider [illegible]

Later [illegible] sent [illegible] then [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

GLORIFYING THE UGLY RHINO



THREE LIONS PHOTO

The Leather-skinned Rhinoceros Is One of the Meanest Beasts in the World. Explorers in Africa Would Much Rather Meet a Lion Than Come to Close Quarters With This Brute That Viciously Defends Himself With the Bony Horn That Grows From the Tip of Its Nose.

MANY an artist has left his comfortable studio in some civilized metropolis to stalk the beasts and beasts that make the jungles and the plains of the Dark Continent the world's most famous zoo.

More often than not these visiting workers with the pencil and the brush are interested in making portraits of the lordly lion and the graceful gazelle. Many of them want to see first-hand the incredible color of the plumage of some of Africa's birds. Such models make drawings and paintings that look dramatic on the walls of museums and galleries back home.

For all these good reasons, many artists go to the jungles. But the first place, by the way, is the neighborhood of a good, fast and vicious watering hole. Anything of beauty. So the penciled pencil boys give the leather-skinned rhino little, if any, time.

Among the native artists, however, the rhinoceros is not slighted. It is the model for many a crude drawing and for three-dimensional statues like the one shown at the right. This was carved by a kinky-haired tribesman who lives just south of Abyssinia and who knows a rhino when he sees one. It is said that in the lore of his tribe the rhino was once a sort of a half-god worshiped with strange rites as certain other black clans paid homage to the equally ugly crocodile.

The finding of such figures in the thatch-covered "ateliers" of African artists is not unusual. These ebony-faced esthetes take their world as they find it and do not turn their backs on the homely rhino to make more spectacular and pleasing likenesses of the regal lion and the shapely gazelle. They are not above glorifying the brute that has been called Mother Nature's "failure."

Civilized wood carvers do not curl a lip at such statuettes as the one shown on this page. They study it carefully and some of them frankly admit that they would be proud to turn out such skillful [illegible] Such works of art [illegible] been crude toys [illegible] Noah's Ark [illegible] they are not [illegible] intended to be funny. They are clever caricatures in which the major characteristics of the [illegible] a remarkable example of primitive [illegible]

THREE LIONS PHOTO

Many an African Tribesman With a Leaning Towards Art Has Used the Repulsive and Pugnacious Rhinoceros as a Model. This Figurine, Carved of Wood, Is Called "Primitive" by the Sculptors of Civilized Nations—But It Glorifies One of the Ugliest Brutes in the Animal Kingdom, and Is a Remarkable Caricature of the Animal

Whacked Out the Heir to the Wacky Throne of Sarawak

(Continued from Page 11)

instead of me," said Bob. "Instead of Bob Gregory, the posters say the husband of Princess Baba will meet the Terrible Turk, or the Masked Marvel. Strangers come up and ask if they should address her as 'Your Highness.' She always answers 'No, I'm Mrs Bob Gregory.'"

Bob gives some exhibitions wrestling with monster St. Bernard dogs. Strange to say the Princess objected to the cost of maintaining these artists.

"It takes six pounds of beef every day to feed my St. Bernard dogs," said Bob. "She thinks that's wasteful extravagance."

Permanent life in California did not suit the Princess Baba. The separation from her family and English society made her unhappy.

Bob Gregory says he was made very sad by his wife's unhappiness. His weight dropped from [illegible] pounds and he began [illegible] dishes.

She went away to England and showed no disposition to return, he said, so he began suit for legal separation, although he says he still loves his wife.

Other interesting things have occurred in the royal family of Sarawak. The wife of Bertram Brooke, brother of the Rajah, is responsible for some of them. She is mother of the young man who has just been deposed. A very rich woman, she started to spend her money lavishly in Sarawak, but her husband vetoed it.

She decided that she would catch the native eye in some other way and she did. She renounced Christianity to become a Mohammedan and, to make it extra startling and spectacular had the ceremony performed in an airplane. This, she explained was in order to be as close as possible to the remains of the Prophet Mohammed himself which are supposed to be in a coffin suspended magically halfway between earth and heaven.

How the great uncle of the Princesses, James Brooke, the first white Rajah, made himself Lord of these wild men of Borneo is the tale of one of those tremendous individualists who built England from an unimportant island to the world's greatest empire.

His father's death brought James money enough to fit out a schooner armed with six-pound guns and he sought adventure. At Singapore the British Government asked him to deliver a letter to the Sultan or Borneo and on arriving at Borneo he found His Majesty busy with a revolt in the northern half of that big island. The cause was chiefly that the Sultan had a monopoly on supplies, charged prices which could not be paid and made slaves of the debtors.

The Sultan's uncle, in charge of suppressing the revolt, did not like facing the head-hunters and poisoned arrows, so he asked the Englishman to do it for him. Brooke did, and then said the grievances of the natives must be redressed. Of course the Sultan and his uncle would not hear of having their graft spoiled but the natives rose again and announced that they wanted the white man for their ruler. A poisoned arrow whizzing close to the uncle's ear convinced him that there was something in the idea. After much talk but no bloodshed it came to pass.

In 1867 Sarawak was formally recognized as an absolutely independent state and its ruler a sovereign entitled to mint his own coinage. Brooke, who kept up his connections with England, died in Devonshire in 1868 leaving the succession to his nephew Charles, who ruled as Rajah from 1868 to 1917.

Like his uncle, Rajah Charles was wrapped up in the affairs of his country and thought only of its advancement. His son, the present Rajah, has carried on the same policy in the same manner.

LATE?

Give 'em this tender macaroni drenched in cheese richness!

NOW 25% MORE CHEESE, SIMPLER RECIPE

READERS who recognize good things in print cannot help but appreciate The American Weekly

My Easter special!

Our Easter dinner!

● For a really thrilling Easter dinner, serve Swift's Premium Ham decked out this festive way. Can't you just hear how the family will "oh" and "ah" when they see it!

And when they *taste* it . . . still more enthusiasm! For Swift's Premium is the ham of marvelous flavor . . . *unmatched* flavor, from Swift's secret Brown Sugar Cure and special Smoking in Ovens.

Leading dealers are featuring Swift's Premium Ham, special for Easter. To make sure of having one, place your order NOW.

To fix the gala trimmings—get free printed instructions from your dealer!

Here's Martha Logan's recipe for baking Swift's Premium Ham. Note special directions! Wrap the ham loosely in the outer wrapper or clean wrapping paper. Bake fat side up, on rack in open pan, to a slow oven (325°) without water. For cooking time allow 20 minutes per pound for ready-to-eat hams, 30 minutes per pound for cook-before-eating hams. Remove paper and skin, score fat and sprinkle with a mixture of 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1 tablespoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon dry mustard and 1 cup fine cracker crumbs. Stick whole cloves in the fat in diamond design. Pour over the ham 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup fruit juice or ginger ale. Baste frequently with this liquid. Remove ham from pan and place on platter. Garnish with pineapple rings, maraschino cherries and parsley. Pineapple juice may be thickened with cornstarch and served as sauce. Serve with Swift's Premium Ham. Quick, too, as Swift's Premium Ham is ready-to-eat. Just heat through. Delicious!

REMEMBER, THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL!

Unmatched flavor from Swift's secret Brown Sugar Cure and special Smoking in Ovens!

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW!

Swift's Premium Ham

THE ONE TOUCH POWDER DEODORANT

Spiro dusts away armpit odor and checks sloppy perspiration. Safe after shaving. Safe for clothes. Comforting on sanitary napkins. Also a Spiro Cream Deodorant, if you prefer. Costs little. Try Spiro today.

for CHEST COLDS' RAWNESS TIGHTNESS

RUB ON PENETRO AND GET BETTER REST WHICH IS ONE OF NATURE'S OWN WAYS OF MAKING YOU FORGET YOU EVER HAD A COLD. BE SURE TO GET SUPER-MEDICATED

PENETRO

IMPORTANT

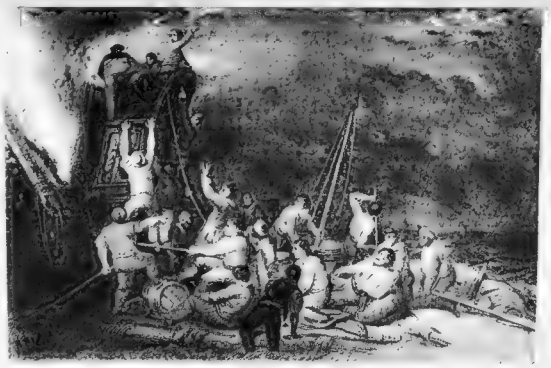
HELPS CLEAR UP LOOSE DANDRUFF

Rub mild, medicated Cuticura Ointment into scalp. Leave on 1 minute. Then wash with lathering, emollient Cuticura Soap. This simple Cuticura care helps clear dandruff, relieves itchy scalp, helps keep hair soft, lustrous and attractive. Buy Cuticura Soap and Ointment—and start giving your hair Cuticura benefits today. Buy at drug counters.

CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

Under the Murderous Jolly Roger

(Continued from Page 20)



Wounded Survivors of a Ship Scuttled and Set on Fire by Pirates, Attempting to Escape on a Crude Raft as Depicted in an Old Painting. (Culver Service)

JEAN LAFITTE ruled the colony

Next week I will tell of some of the treasures taken by the Barbary corsairs who scoured the Mediterranean for fair-skinned captives for the seraglios of Moslem princes, and Stalwart slaves to work on their great fortifications and palaces and ply the oars of their low, black galleys. For unadorned cruelty these Barbary pirates made the buccaneers of the Spanish Main look insignificant indeed?

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Don't try to hide GRAY HAIR

In ONE HOUR You Can Make Yourself Look Years Younger!

Stop tucking away those wisps of gray. Bane Hair that is again youthful-looking, lustrous, colorful, with that vibrant and sparkling luster so much admired! It's simple—easy. Do this. Apply GODFREY'S LARENE Hair Coloring. Directions in package tell you how. No experience necessary.

Color wanted comes quickly, evenly. blonde, brown, auburn or black. Will not rub off or wash out. Permits marcels, permanent waves or curling. Known and used by women the country over for 65 years.

Send $1.25 or order C.O.D. at same price. Specify color wanted. Send lock of hair if you wish. (Cannot be matched otherwise.) Latest use mailed in plain wrapper. Order direct from GODFREY MFG. CO. 912 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Helps You Overcome FALSE TEETH Looseness and Worry

When Joint-Ease Starts in Joint Agony STARTS OUT

THERE'S DANGER IN SCRATCHING

Don't run the risk of infection by rubbing and scratching irritated skin. To soothe itching, burning torment and check the maddening desire to scratch, apply comforting Resinol Ointment. Its active medication gives quick relief.

At all druggists. Be sure to get Resinol. For sample, write Resinol, Dept. 36, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL

THIS and every issue of The American Weekly covers phases of life and human activity that offer readers a source of pleasure and enlightenment.

Pabst-ett offers these . . .

RULE-BLADE SHEARS

for only 25¢ and 1 Pabst-ett Box and 1 Loaf of Bread. Send Today!

magnetized steel

Measure as you cut with the easy-to-see rule on top of the blades. Pick up steel pins and needles with magnet. Lined blades. Offer Expires April 15, 1940

ORDER TODAY!
1 pkg. Pabst-ett
1 loaf of Bread
Be sure to send for rule-blade shears to Pabst-ett Corporation P.O. Box 1167 Chicago

Your Brand BREAD

PABST-ETT

the delicious cheese food of 100 uses

Pabst-ett is the delicious cheese food—grand in a hundred different ways—for sandwiches, appetizers, soufflés, smooth cheese sauces, rarebits and salads.

It's easy to digest and nourishing, a good source of protein and milk sugars and minerals including calcium and phosphorous. Also contains Vitamin A.

THIS NEW SALON NAIL POLISH
Will Wear Longer
THAN ANY POLISH YOU'VE EVER WORN
Or Your Money Back

● Try the new Cutex Salon Polish—at our risk! If it doesn't stand up under the daily wear and tear better than any polish you've ever used—simply return the bottle to us and we will cheerfully refund the original purchase price! (Offer good in 1940 only.) Get the new Cutex Salon Polish today.

NEW CUTEX Salon Polish
Northam Warren Corp.
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NO MORE CORNS!
NEW!
Quicker Relief Than Before—Easier Removal
Now, thanks to the New Super-Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads you need never suffer from corns or ever have them! You get quicker relief, stop shoe friction and pressure and keep FREE of corns, sore toes, blisters. These soothing, cushioning, fluffy pads are 630% softer than before. Don't come off in the bath. Separate Medications included for speedily removing corns or calluses. Cost but a trifle—greater value than ever. Sizes for Corns, Calluses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today. At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Goods Counters.
NEW Super Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads 630% SOFTER THAN BEFORE
KEEPS YOU FREE OF CORNS AND SORE TOES FROM NEW OR TIGHT SHOES

Old Fashioned FUN ON WHEELS

The Modern Bicycle Has an Interesting History—And a Lot of Amusing Ancestors

The Bicycle Merry-Go-Round Was All the Rage in the Late 1860's.

EVER since the day that the first hairy-chested caveman discovered that a roundish rock had possibilities for getting him from one place to another faster and with less effort than he could travel on his own feet the human race has been evolving the wheel and finding new uses for it.

The modern bike is only one of many vehicles that evolved inside the heads of a long line of imaginative inventors but the machine did much to prove the brilliant future of the round wheel, and it is the product of as queer a family tree as can be found in the history of mechanics.

The old illustration on this page shows only one of the contraptions that inventors thought up and people tried out before the modern bicycle with its balloon tires, its spring saddles and its coaster brakes emerged on the notices highways and by-ways. Take the old-time merry-go-round shown at the left. It was patented back in 1869 by one G. J. Sturby, of Tiverton, Rhode Island, and it stirred up quite a furore in its time. Top-hatted males and bustled and hoop-skirted women climbed on the eight "wheels" that hovered around a wooden track when the riders pedaled with their feet—and thought the experience no end of fun. It was only a step from this crude carousel to a bike that could be ridden along the road.

Few cyclists of the present generation are aware that one of the first bicycles, which really was a tricycle wasn't powered by the legs at all but was propelled by hand cranks and steered with the feet. This machine is now a treasured museum piece. Funny as this vehicle looks today, it was a big advance in mechanical engineering and, in a way, was better than the two-wheeled bike because the rider [illegible] but [illegible] worry about keeping [illegible]

[illegible] thing about [illegible] was brought to a close [illegible] a steel whose [illegible] bike [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] Pedersen [illegible] that became [illegible] and [illegible]

The [illegible] metal bar [illegible] the [illegible] When [illegible] raised [illegible] lifted their feet and [illegible] touching [illegible] them to keep the [illegible] upright [illegible] Each [illegible] on a bell [illegible] to [illegible] the crowd [illegible] metal bar [illegible] through the hub of the wheel. The spokes [illegible] they had to [illegible] Pedocycler had to be of the same weight and similar length of leg.

GUARD AGAINST DISHCLOTH DANGERS!

CLOROX

PURE · SAFE · DEPENDABLE

BLEACHES · DEODORIZES
DISINFECTS · REMOVES
NUMEROUS STAINS
Even Scorch and Mildew

When it's CLOROX-CLEAN ...it's disinfected

DISHCLOTHS may look harmless, yet are likely to harbor millions of dangerous germs... a menace to the family's health. Why take unnecessary chances? Make dishcloths and dish mops Clorox Clean... fresh-smelling, sanitary. Clorox provides protective cleanliness in laundry, kitchen and bathroom has many important personal uses. Simply follow directions on the label

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Hollywood's Dizzy "Marry-Go-Round"

(Continued from Page 5)

Armstrong had a geographical tournament Gladys didn't care to become a part of Hollywood and Robert marched into court with his ears red and skin bo. It seems Gladys preferred to loll around in sunny Mexico and Robert sat home and played "South of the Border" on a warped ukulele.

Robert was deserving of a divorce and once again a marriage contract had become a round-trip ticket.

It was Ruby Keeler who said her hubby Al Jolson's bright remarks had given her an inferiority complex. The judge must have thought Ruby had reached way down in the barrel for that one. But he gave her the broken lease just the same.

A pretty girl with a sob in her repertoire can get about as much as she wants in Hollywood courtrooms. And we figure that Justice wouldn't have to be blindfolded if they would put smoked glasses on about eight of those twelve jurors.

Now we come to the final case on the docket. A Hollywood wife requested the last will and testament of romance because she was married to a mugg who read his press notices aloud in a manly voice tinctured with pride.

She said she could stand it no longer and we don't blame her. Neither did the Hollywood courts censure the poor, tortured woman.

And so, at the twitching hour of twelve, the six white horses changed into mice and Cinderella was booted with a glass brogan.

That's Hollywood at work and at play. There is much to be said on both sides, like two women arguing over a back fence.

You cannot eliminate temperament where the stars have an extra short career in the feature films and the extras have a long life in the shorts.

Running the marital film backward you can easily spot that the real cause of divorce is success of one of the contracting parties. The closer you are to an eclipse the darker it is.

The various pretexts for separation are merely pegs upon which to hang the hat. No doctor will admit that he does not the correct diagnosis.

Any excuse is a good one. It may be reading in bed refusing to go out, refusing to come home or having creaky bridgework. When a man wants to get out of jail he can make a file out of a spoon.

Tops for all time goes to the Englishman of the past century whose reason for murder was that the lady had thick ankles. Hollywood hasn't used that one yet. But it isn't a bad idea.

But whatever the excuse for changing partners in the movie mill, marriage in Hollywood is a grand right and left, like a Virginia Reel.

Mr. Amster's Strange Love-Diary and His 'Nuisance Cinderella'

(Continued from Page 7)

to get away from it all. "So, after one last fling as Zaza, bright and snappy, she consults a fortune-teller who advises her to go back to America, which she does."

And then—oh.

"After months of adversity, Kiki meets Jack," declares the script, showing the face of an idealized Amster.

"Oh, you don't know how you've helped me!" murmurs Kiki wistfully to Jack, come-strip fashion.

Then

"Jack feeds her up, puts her in a fashionable boarding school, and makes her take up horseback and golf," continues the story with appropriate illustrations. "Kiki, well fed and groomed, is happy and sings for joy."

And the legend concludes happily: "She finally decides to become a good little sweety and make Jack happy."

But lawyer Murray's prize exhibit was none of these. It was a page clipping of a baby girl sitting on the floor and playing with a puppy.

"Coming events forecast their shadows" was penciled over this and under it: "Kiki Ede at 2."

"This was a later addition to the diary," Murray declared. "It wasn't pasted in." And he went on to contend that it was Amster's reference to the approaching birth of Olga's son, Lee.

Amster, however, steadfastly refused to have any part of Lee, claiming that he was the son of a man named Edwards whom, he charged, Olga had married in an off moment.

He said that Lee was a kind of "eugenic baby," the result of the dancer's wish to emulate her ideal, Isadora Duncan, in the matter of child-bearing as well as in art.

Olga, in reply, repudiated Edwards, declaring that no such man existed; she added that she didn't even know what a "eugenic baby" was but that Lee was certainly Amster's son.

It was Amster's often expressed wish for a child, preferably a daughter—he already had two sons by his wife that alone had induced her to have one, she said, and continued that when the father had first laid eyes on his offspring he had chortled: "He looks just like me!"

Actually, considering the fairy tale in which his mother and alleged father were living at the time, it would not be surprising if a stork had brought little Lee.

AUNT JEMIMA SAYS:

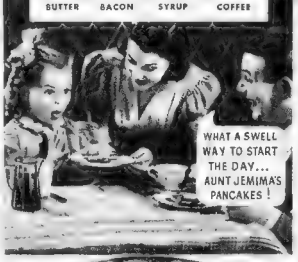
"Tickle your taste WIF DESE DELICIOUS AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE MENUS"

"ROUND-THE-CLOCK" WITH AUNT JEMIMA

BREAKFAST
Get your family off to a happy start with an Aunt Jemima Breakfast!
ORANGE JUICE
AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKES
BUTTER BACON SYRUP COFFEE

LUNCHEON
Youngsters "go" for a luncheon like this and it's nourishing
HOT TOMATO SOUP
AUNT JEMIMA'S BUCKWHEATS
BUTTER SAUSAGE SYRUP
COCOA

SUPPER
The whole family—and guests, too—will sing your praises for this treat
TOMATO JUICE
BUTTER • AUNT JEMIMA'S WAFFLES • HONEY
SALAD BOWL COFFEE



ENJOY THESE "DOWN SOUTH" MENUS TODAY!

From the land of good eating come these favorite Southern dishes. Only with Aunt Jemima's magic Ready-Mix can you enjoy the delicious, mouth-watering flavor of Aunt Jemima Pancakes, Buckwheats and Waffles. For, only Aunt Jemima's Ready-Mix has the famous secret recipe which, according to legend, the inspired mammy cook herself created down on the old plantation. Enjoy Aunt Jemima's two or three times a week . . . start today!

EASY AS 1-2-3 TO FIX! There's nothing to prepare when you fix delicious Aunt Jemima's. For her secret recipe is already mixed for you in every box of her magic Ready-Mix. No chance of failure. Takes but a jiffy to fix the world's most famous pancakes. Ask your grocer today for both kinds of Aunt Jemima's Ready-Mix—the red box for pancakes or waffles, the yellow box for buckwheats.

The American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3141 A WHOLE SUNNY DAY WARDROBE IN ONE PATTERN. VIEW A SHOWS AN AFTERNOON DRESS. VIEW B A POLSTER WITH CONTRAST BODICE AND POCKETS. VIEW C, AN AT-HOME STYLE. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12 14 16 18 20 40 42 44 36, 38 and 40 ... requires 5 ... and 1 yard contr...

Pattern 3141 I WANT SOMETHING SIMPLE! HERE'S THE ANSWER IN A CHARMING FROCK WITH A SOFT ROUNDED COLLAR, EASY BODICE LINES AND A THREE PANELLED SKIRT. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 44 46 and 48 ... requires 3¾ yards 39 inch fabric.

Pattern 3140 A FAVORITE IN SONS, A FAVORITE IN HOTTIE! THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET, ILLUSTRATED IN STEP HERE IS NEEDLEWORK THAT WILL FASCINATE YOU. Pattern 3140 contains transfer pattern of 1 wall hanging, 16x18½ inches; color chart and key; materials required; ... stitches.

Pattern 3085 THIS KIDDIE DUCK SHOWS GAY ORIGINALITY WITH ITS BODICE PANEL THAT CURVES DOWN INTO A WAISTBAND. IT'S ALL IN A BUTTONING. Simple, effective contrast. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 ... requires ... yards 39 inch fabric. Requires ... yards 35 inch fabric.

Pattern 3142 A TWO-PIECE GIVES DOUBLE THE PLEASURE AND WEAR! THIS TRIM STYLE WITH FITTED JACKET AND FLARED BIAS SKIRT USES RICRAC TRIM ENGAGINGLY ... Designed for misses' sizes 12 14 16 18 20 Size 16 ... requires ... yards 39 inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS 15¢ EACH

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15¢ in coins for each pattern and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY
PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
633 SIXTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

First Come, First Folio

(Continued from Page 17)

s[illegible] that you are under my roof." ... stalked back into the library and slammed the door ... behind him.

"I'm ... sorry," faltered Lois. "I'm ... sorry. I was so mean just ...

"Why ... you soul! Are ... to ... I tried ... Actually couldn't have told ... Sappa could you, that this ... Earl of Oxford ... somewhere, 'way ...

"I had ... a duplicate ... I have used that ... Shoot first, and ... afterward. Be Verie afterward ...

"Well, you ... I'm to ... Folio ... about it. I'm ... Lois. Where ...

... Charleston, or on, other ... to Philadelphia New York ... I couldn't, from the island. I'm convinced I was right about those two men ... book crooks, both of them.

"I've been so nervous, ever since you told me ..."

They haven't been here again?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, no."

"And you've got a chance to let Daniels see the facsimile?"

"No. I couldn't. He left soon after ... you."

They talked for a long time, almost in a whisper, so the Colonel would not overhear them. The light burned steadily in the library where he was working. Twice Lois tiptoed to the window to ... He's writing," she reported. "He hasn't taken the book out. Goodness! I've been ... away! I'm so glad you're back."

They were a long time bidding each other good night.

"I can't leave tomorrow," he said, "without ... without ..."

"Without that old book—I know."

"Without you, Lois—" and she was in his arms.

"But you can't go away with me," she whispered sorrowfully. "Don't you see, I can't leave grandpa, ever."

Then there's only one solution ... the book stays ... the house stays ... you stay, Lois."

He kissed her with every "stay."

But oh, it is so hopeless, with grandpa like this. Nothing will ever happen to make him change."

BUT something happened between two and three o'clock. Edward De Vere Hunt knew, because he glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist-watch, as if to time an historic earthquake or a gunpowder plot. It was the Colonel's double-barreled shotgun, and the house rocked with the explosion as if two twelve-inch guns had gone off.

Hunt rushed out of the Henry Clay bedroom without benefit of bathrobe.

Lights had been switched on downstairs and the Colonel in his pajamas swearing martinet-ate oaths was rushing from room to room turning on more lights. He had run first for the verandah, flooded it with light and yelled hoarsely for Sam. He had tried the telephone and dashed out to the door.

When Lois and Hunt had reached his side, the old gentleman was limp and helpless with fury and sagged wearily against a table. He moaned and gasped by turns. "They got it, they've ... They've stolen my precious Folio. I heard ... noises. I thought I saw two men running off. Somebody ... into town ... wake up the Sheriff ... they've cut our telephone wires."

They've stolen what grandpa?" Lois kept asking him. But the disordered library bookshelves and the open door of the little wall safe told all too plainly.

The old man had collapsed and with the help of the frightened Sam, they tried to make him comfortable on a couch.

Only then did Lois have time to say, pantingly: "They didn't get the Folio—Oh, goodness, if only I could make him understand."

"You're sure they didn't?" said Hunt anxiously.

"No—no—they didn't. I—it was your copy they stole—your facsimile."

"And you switched 'em, didn't you?" He chuckled. "I thought you would. I hoped you would. I didn't want to ask you, but it really was a wise thing to do. You took good care of it?"

"I've got it hidden," said Lois stoutly, "where nobody'll ever find it. But shouldn't we send someone in to tell the Sheriff about the thieves? They got your book."

"They got it," said Hunt, "but they won't get far with it. The Sheriff and I took a few little precautions. We spotted the boat they had hired to take them to the mainland and the Sheriff has one of his seagoing deputies on it as a deckhand. They're on the way to jail by now. You can go get that Folio—it'll be safe after this."

The Colonel was moaning feebly when she returned, and they found he could be persuaded to take three fingers of Bourbon. Then he sat up, glaring, cried hoarsely: "My Folio—they've stolen it—my Folio—somebody tell the constabule."

Now, listen, grandpa," said Lois, "don't worry, nobody can get your Folio. It's right here. don't you understand, it wasn't stolen, at all. I had it, all the time."

The Colonel stared at it blearily, listlessly, unbelievingly, then fire sprang into his eye and he sat bolt upright.

"But you didn't! When could you—it was there when I went to bed."

"No, grandpa, that was Mr. Hunt's Shakespeare—the Folio copy. I put it in there because we—Mr. Hunt knew those men were thieves and Mr. Hunt's caught them already. he had the Sheriff waiting for them."

THEY had to repeat the story many times, but finally the Colonel was convinced. He sat caressing the covers of his Folio.

"You couldn't ever destroy that magnificent treasure, could you, Colonel?"

The Colonel smiled at Hunt through watering eyes. "I couldn't, son, no, no."

"And wouldn't you sell it to me on one condition?"

"Humph—humph—stop it, stop it!" The Colonel barked and sputtered. "Not another word of that kind. You have had my answer."

"But, you haven't heard the condition, Colonel."

All right—it won't do you any good—but state it."

"Wouldn't you set it to me on the condition that the Folio shall never leave this house—shall never leave the possession of Lois?"

The Colonel's bushy eyebrows rose in astonishment. "Why, what do you mean, sir?"

"Well Lois and I discussed it at length tonight—she said she'd be willing if you were, Colonel." Lois' astonished lips seemed about to say, "Why, I never in my life—" but he winked at her warningly. "She said she'd marry me sometime—maybe and for a wedding present I'll give her the Folio. And if you'll let us we'll live right here. There isn't a more glorious spot in all the hemisphere."

The Colonel paused and humphed and puffed and looked from one to the other of them malignantly. "The only trouble," he snorted, "I could stand a lot of things but this seems too much—I'd have to live in the same house with a son of a ... well with one of those De Veres ... an Edward De Vere almost ... it's too much."

"But I'd help you, Colonel. I'd help you write the book. I'll write one myself. To prove that my great-great-multiplied-by-twenty collateral great uncle the Seventeenth Earl of Oxford couldn't have written Shakespeare."

"By Heaven, if you mean it," the Colonel sputtered. "Young man, it is worth trying out—if really is—you may—you may. Humph! Confound it, what am I saying? We'll talk this over tomorrow, sir."

"After all," said Edward Hunt "My books are a woman's eyes as Shakespeare said."

"He didn't say that," blustered the Colonel. "He said now let me see—er woman's eyes."

"They are the books the arts
the academes
That show, contain and nourish
all the world!"

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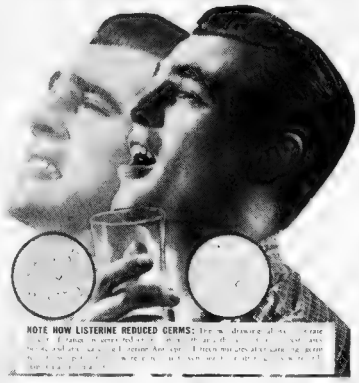
(THE END)

The events and characters depicted in this story are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A
COLD OR SORE THROAT



NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS: [illegible]

Listerine quick!

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders"... the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.

Its prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely ... at the same time relieving throat irritation, which this is a cold.

Use Listerine at the very first symptom of a cold, gargle it clinically, and see how many fewer colds you have, how much milder they are, how much less often they go on to serious throat and chest involvement.

Fight Years of Research

Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over 8 years revealed this astonishing truth:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action in quickly killing threatening "secondary invaders" on the very types of germs that live in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

When you gargle with Listerine, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—and all of them could not be so many that any minor invasion of the delicate mucous membrane could not be overcome by the body's defenses.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96. Up to 80 an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started? Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

ARE YOUR CAKES FLUFFIER?

DO YOU have some special way of baking a particular kind of cake that makes it tastier and downright delicious?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Allowance" the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue.

Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page. It may lead to the easiest $5 you ever earned.

IT SEEMS LIKE A BAD DREAM NOW!

...THE WAY I USED TO SCRUB AND SCRUB BEFORE I CHANGED TO CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS!

OH JANE, I'D DO HOPE I'D BE THROUGH BEFORE YOU TWO GOT HERE—BUT THE WAY I HAVE TO SCRUB AND SCRUB—SEEMS ONE IS NEVER DONE!

WHY, SALLY, YOU'RE WAY BEHIND THE TIMES! TRY THE NEW CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS IN THE BLUE BOX—AND YOU'LL GET THE WHITEST CLOTHES YOU EVER SAW, WITHOUT A BIT OF HARD SCRUBBING!

AND SO NEXT WASHDAY...

GOODNESS, IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE THE WAY THIS NEW CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS WHIPS UP INTO SUDS SO QUICKLY! AND IT GIVES ME SO MUCH SUDS I CAN'T SEE HOW I EVER PUT UP WITH THOSE OLD-FASHIONED SOAPS I USED BEFORE!

JANE WAS RIGHT! CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS IN THE BLUE BOX SOAKS OUT THE DIRT LIKE MAGIC—WITHOUT SCRUBBING! MY CLOTHES HAVE NEVER BEEN SO SPOTLESS WHITE BEFORE... MY WASHABLE COLORS ARE ALL SO BRIGHT—AND I'M THROUGH HOURS SOONER!

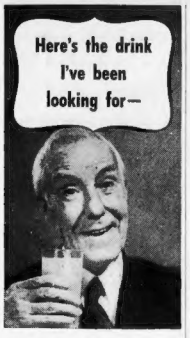
HERE'S HOW CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS CAN MAKE YOUR WASHDAYS QUICKER AND EASIER, TOO!

To save you time and work ... to get clothes WHITER in tub or machine—change to *Concentrated* Super Suds in the *blue box!* You'll get far richer, thicker suds that quickly whisk out the dirt without scrubbing, and get clothes spotlessly white! And *Concentrated* Super Suds is so MILD, it's easy on the hands, too! Because *Concentrated* Super Suds is made with PYRAY, a new soap element, you get all these wonderful washday suds.

Get a box—and see why the new *Concentrated* Super Suds is America's fastest growing laundry soap!

WORRIED BY GRAY HAIR?

[illegible] were worried by gray hair, [illegible] the real tragedy. Not are afraid of losing sleep about it. Afraid [illegible] Afraid [illegible] social [illegible] Afraid [illegible] Afraid [illegible] Afraid



● Have you discovered grapefruit juice—that clean-tasting, *tangy* juice that comes from *Florida* grapefruit?

It has a wide-awake flavor like none other in all the world. Grand as a beginner for any meal —and as a thirst-quencher any old time of day. Good *for* you, too—in a dozen ways—for it's *loaded* with vitamins and minerals. Try some today!

FLORIDA
CANNED
GRAPEFRUIT JUICE
FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
LAKELAND, FLORIDA

HOW TO CLEANSE AND SOOTHE
TIRED STRAINED EYES

Why suffer from burning, smarting eyes? Murine brings *quick, amazing relief.* A drop in each eye *night and morning*—that's the modern way to *cleanse and soothe* your eyes. Murine is alkaline—its six *extra* ingredients *completely wash away irritation* and strain*. *Get* Murine from your druggist *today.*

*Strained eyes due to driving, sun glare, dust, swimming, close work, movies, late hours. Murine will not correct eye deficiencies. For such deficiencies, see a competent professional at once.

MURINE For Your **EYES**
SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has the greatest circulation in the world because it's the most interesting magazine on earth.

BANANAS—The All-Food Fruit

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"YES, we use some bananas" in these United States, where they are high-ranking fruits, not only for the small boy and his granddaddy, but also for the housewife who is rapidly learning to more fully appreciate this richly nutritious tropical fruit from the culinary viewpoint.

In popular parlance called "banana boats," busy little ships ply their weekly voyages between New York City and such Caribbean points as Cuba, the lovely flower-garlanded island of Jamaica, and that last jumping-off-place of banana land—Ceiba. This latter-named stop is located (for those who recall their geography and map of North America), below the projecting "bump" or "bunch" on the map which juts out from Honduras—colorful, picturesque, but melancholy paradise of bananas, cocoanuts and monkeys.

Ceiba is a company-controlled port where the banana industry is king. As the boat draws near to the dock, the passenger is faced with the huge derricks or conveyors into whose revolving drums is carefully placed each banana "stem" ("bunch" on the map) by ebony-skinned Negroes whose continuous walk to-and-from the conveyor has all the repeated rhythm of the Congo.

Up to the very tip of the dock landing, wheeze and puff the tiny toy engines bursting with their green fruit. No sooner stalled, than the fruit is claimed, one "stem" or bunch going to each worker, who walks with it on his shoulder to the endless belt conveyor. On and in—and then quickly down to the refrigerated hold, whose hatch is later fastened down securely, not to be again opened until the ship docks once more in the home port.

A cargo of 23,000 stems is only half a usual cargo to these boats, which also carry grapefruit and other tropical produce. Since there are about 30 bananas to each stem, it is easy to see the enormous output of a banana plantation in full bearing.

Passengers on these boats are taken on this same toy railway about an hour inland from Ceiba, where they pass through uncleared jungle to the banana plantations along the river. A banana tree, like a cocoanut tree, has the conventional tropical foliage—a "cut" or "notched" leaf which an all-wise Nature has thus made to allow it to withstand tropical rains and storms without entirely breaking. From 12 to 20 feet high, in the mature tree, the successive shoots of the original "mat" bear continuously, and in about 10 months yield a crop or stem of fruit. If the roots are not attacked by the dread "Panama disease," for which as yet there has been found no antidote or cure, the banana tree bears for 15 years.

This tree, and its jungle mate the cocoanut, and likewise the bamboo and our own corn plant, have similar botanical characteristics, all getting them for growth in hot, moist climates. The tree stalk in all these is almost bare, with only a bunch of overlapping leaves falling down from the center top. And from the center top, too, depends the odd, modernistic-like fruit or "bud" of a strange shade of magenta red hanging from a wirelike stalk. In a short time the bud expands into miniature bananas, while the stalk thickens into the familiar stout stem by which the fruit-man hangs up the bunch to his ceiling.

Beautiful as the morning is a banana plantation, each tree spaced about 18 feet apart, in rows, with the sharp violet-ray sunshine falling down between and casting straight ebony shadows which any photographer might envy. Once planted, the black man and the white, alike, leave all the rest to Nature, and all that is needed is a wide and dangerous-appearing **machete** with which to cut down the ripened fruit in a single quick stroke. Hot, moist, conservatory climate does the rest—and ripe bananas practically fall down onto every table in the tropics.

Quite naturally, with all this intense sun-rayed growth, the fruit is high in vitamins. And banana starch is easily digested, almost pre-digested, requiring little or no cooking. For those who like their figures it may be mentioned that 1 large banana contains, peeled, about 19.9 per cent of total sugars, 1.3 protein, .6 fat, .8 ash, and such minerals as calcium, iron and phosphorus. All this is carried in a fruit giving 75.6 moisture, or a calorie value of ninety-five.

How best to buy bananas in more northern latitudes? In the tropics this wholesome fruit is regarded far more as a vegetable, **to be cooked when green,** and not allowed to become over-ripe, and hence with increased sugar and sweet taste. When the fruit is yellow with slightly green tip is a good time to cook as a mashed potato, or bake as an unsweet entree. When the writer interviewed an elderly guide on one of these plantations he replied that a familiar way for the natives to prepare them was the following: Place green fruit under water and peel with silver knife. Take peeled fruit and drop into boiling salted water, and cook exactly as we do potatoes. Mash, add butter, and use as vegetable with meats.

Another man who had lived long in tropical countries said that he preferred this method: Use green bananas, peel, and place on fireproof baking dish. Make depression along top of fruit and fill with grated sharp cheese, such as Parmesan. Dot with butter, and bake in moderate oven, as an entree or main dish.

For accompaniment to ham and for broiling with other meats, select this green or yellow-with-green-tip fruit which is more firm and less likely to break during cooking. When the fruit is all yellow it is good to eat out-of-hand, or for desserts. When the skin freckles with brown dots it is fully mature and is at its best for use in fruit cups, banana milk shakes and for salads.

One of the most popular cool weather uses of the banana is deep-fat-fried, or pan-fried in fritters, scallops or other batter mixtures. To prepare the **banana scallops,** which are excellent with any meats, proceed as follows: Cut fruit into pieces 1 inch long and dip in beaten egg. Drain, and roll in crumbs or rolled flaked corn. Fry in deep hot fat (375 degrees) for 2 minutes. Drain, and serve immediately with steak, ham slice, chops, etc.

Baked bananas seem unknown to many, whereas this is one of the most delicious and inexpensive desserts: Peel semi-ripe fruits and slice in half lengthwise. Dot with butter and sprinkle with lemon juice. Dot with currant jelly, or guava jelly, and add small amount of water to baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes or until tender. Serve hot or cold. Some persons like grated nuts, particularly blanched almonds, sprinkled on top, with a spoon of whipped cream.

Here are additional recipes for using this fruit in delectable ways. The first recipe is a novelty that all hostesses will delight to serve at their next buffet supper or Sunday night tea:

Banana Ham Rolls: Cream 2 tablespoons butter with 2 teaspoons prepared mustard until well blended. Spread mixture on sliced cold boiled ham (12 slices). Roll each ham slice around 1 peeled banana, fastening in place with small skewers. Place in greased baking platter, and pour over a well-blended cheese sauce. Bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until tender. Serve with cheese sauce poured over each "roll." May be served with toasted buns and pickle relish.

Many usual recipes for muffins, biscuits, waffles and other hearty breads may have the pleasing addition of mashed banana pulp for a different new flavor and higher nutrition. Children love everything which is banana-ized, so try one of these on the family in the near future:

Banana Whole Wheat Muffins: Make up any usual muffin recipe using soda and sour milk. Add mashed ripe banana pulp, or 1 cup thinly-sliced banana.

Banana Waffles: Add 1½ cups finely-diced ripe bananas to usual six-waffle recipe.

Banana Chicken Salad: Combine diced cooked chicken, diced bananas and pineapple with diced celery and sliced olives. Toss lightly in salad dressing well salted, and serve on lettuce hearts.

Banana School Lunch or Tea Bread: Add 1 cup mashed bananas to any quick bread recipe, using whole wheat flour, and adding raisins or nuts.

Banana Salmon Saturday Salad: Combine 1½ cups flaked canned salmon, ½ cup diced pineapple, 1 cup sliced bananas, ½ cup diced celery, with mayonnaise blended with mustard and lightly salted. Serve on lettuce with lemon slices —a complete lunch on one plate.

Almanack Echoes

WANTS "REQUEST RECIPES"

Dear Almanack:

The Almanack gets better and better. In fact we have changed our subscription to a paper that has the American Weekly as a Sunday Feature just on that account.

I have tried dozens of the recipes, but I think my favorite of all is the Verifluffy Chocolate Cake. That is a cake!

And I wish the German lady who sent the Maltashen recipe would send in some more old German recipes. So many of us like them and they are hard to find in ordinary cook books. (Dear Mrs. Bruce: How about this?—Editor).

The new Hints column is fine. I have a suggestion for one more addition I would like to see in the Almanack, and then I think it would be perfect. Couldn't you have a column for request recipes? That is, a column where readers could write and ask for a certain recipe and other readers who might have it could answer? I'm afraid I haven't stated that very well. But for example: There is an old recipe called Pailllies that I have been trying to get for the past two years. The lady I knew who used to make them died, and I can find no one who knows the recipe. It is possible—even probable—that in the vast army of Almanack readers there is someone who knows the recipe.

A friend of mine is searching for someone who knows the recipe for a cookie called Lemon Squares—another is trying to find someone who knows how to make Jewish chopped liver. Don't you think it would be both interesting and helpful?

Mrs. William Ellsberg,
600 College Avenue,
Santa Rosa, California.

(As suggested in your fine letter, a request recipe column is an excellent idea, Mrs. Ellsberg. Space permitting we may do this one day. Peeping behind scenes you'd be amazed at the individual number of request recipes which the Almanack Dept. daily fills by mail to readers throughout the country. Each day, we get out the equivalent of several Almanacks in response to these numerous requests. The Editor).

ENGLISH ALMOND TOFFY

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup blanched almonds
½ cup sweet chocolate
¼ cup chopped pecans

Slowly melt butter in a heavy bottom kettle, add sugar and almonds, turn up the heat and stir until well mixed, then stir with an upward and over motion until almonds are toasted and candy is a toffy color; will take from 8 to 10 minutes. Pour into an ungreased 10 by 8 inch pan, cover with the grated chocolate and then sprinkle chopped pecans on top, cool, cut in squares. The chocolate will melt and can be spread over the entire surface.

Mrs. Eva Gierhahn,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
(This is a toffy that never fails and is done in a jiffy. Be sure to keep it in a cool place, if there is any left to keep.—Mary Lee Swann.)

SPINACH DUMPLINGS

2 cups cooked spinach
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
2 teaspoons grated onion
3 tablespoons butter
2 eggs
½ cup flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
1½ cups bread crumbs

Combine spinach, salt, pepper, onion and butter. Beat eggs slightly, and add to spinach mixture, mix well. Sift flour and baking powder and mix with the bread crumbs. Add the dry ingredients to spinach mixture and stir lightly. Drop by tablespoons into steamer or on rack over hot water; cover and let steam 10 minutes.

Mrs. Lulu K. Haupt,
Los Angeles, Calif.

(Mrs. Haupt, we are very grateful to you for this "truly delicious" recipe.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Feel Winter-Worn?
Run-Down?

FRESH YEAST to help digestion
VITAMINS for vitality
TOGETHER they can help you feel brisk and active again

Do you feel as if everything were an effort? Are minor digestive upsets draining your vitality?

Then try eating Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast every day. Not just the vitamins, but the action of the fresh yeast *with* them, makes it of such value in building up run-down people.

The fresh yeast *stimulates* slow digestion and *speeds up* the assimilation of food. Laboratory tests have shown this is an action of the *yeast itself*—entirely distinct from known vitamin action.

The vitamins are needed to *maintain* steady nerves and *keep up* vitality. Only in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast can you get such an abundant supply of the 4 important vitamins, A, B_1, D and G, and *all* the vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B Complex.

Eat 2 cakes every day to bring up your vitamin supply. See if you don't soon begin to have more energy and ambition!

Let this Fresh Yeast give you *double* help

Fleischmann's HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST

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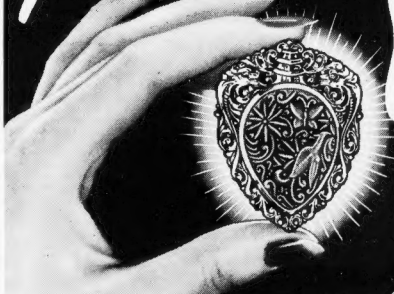
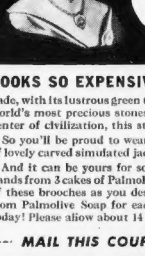
HERE'S MENU HELP
The Almanack now has two handy recipe charts for you.
21 Prize Winning
NEW ENGLAND RECIPES
and
18 FAMOUS
ALMANACK RECIPES
Either or both of these charts are free to readers. Simply enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for each one you request. Address:
ALMANACK RECIPES DEPT.,
235 East 45th Street,
New York City.

This lovely carved simulated JADE BROOCH

Yours! FOR ONLY 15¢ AND 3 BANDS FROM PALMOLIVE SOAP



YOU CAN WEAR IT TWO WAYS – AS A BROOCH OR A PENDANT! IT LOOKS SO EXPENSIVE, YOU'LL BE PROUD TO WEAR IT!



THE SETTING IS SIMPLY LOVELY – CHINESE ANTIQUE FINISH! AND THE CARVING ON THE STONE SYMBOLIZES LOVE, FAITH, PROSPERITY!

BROOCH SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

GET THIS STUNNING BROOCH AND LET PALMOLIVE HELP YOU FIND A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!

HURRY! SUPPLY LIMITED!

LOOKS SO EXPENSIVE—YOU'LL ADORE IT!

Jade, with its lustrous green tones, has always been one of the world's most precious stones! In fact, when China was the center of civilization, this stone was most treasured of all!

So you'll be proud to wear this expensive-looking brooch of lovely carved simulated jade in a stunning filigree setting!

And it can be yours for so little—only 15¢ and the black bands from 3 cakes of Palmolive Soap! You can order as many of these brooches as you desire. Just send 15¢ and 3 bands from Palmolive Soap for each one ordered. Send for yours today! Please allow about 14 days for delivery of brooch.

MAIL THIS COUPON RIGHT AWAY!

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HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

MENUS A LA ZODIAC

By HOWARD DALE HIXSON, Los Angeles, Calif.

ARE you giving a very special dinner, and are you a little uncertain what menu would please your guest of honor? Calm your fears, modern hostess; just get his birth month, for the zodiacal sign under which he was born will denote his taste in food, even to the caviar and the fruit glace. Necessity gave birth to a new selectivity in menu planning and here is a new astrological key to help the ultra modern hostess in her party moods.

ARIES

Suppose your first dinner guest is an Aries subject, born somewhere between March 21st to April 21st. He will be pleased with a fancy mixed grill that includes a lamb chop, veal kidney, sausage, mushrooms and bacon. This can be served with tomatoes and sweet potatoes and a light salad. A nippy canape and a tart dessert will complete an enjoyable meal. The Aries guest will appreciate his food served piping hot, with no delay between courses, and he dislikes lengthy conversation while dining. Remember, his appetite is keen, so serve early and promptly.

TAURUS

An entirely different mood is established when you entertain a Taurian, born from April 21st to May 22nd. The Taurian enjoys eating and prefers a leisurely dinner. The service should be orderly with plenty of time reserved for conversation. Many consider themselves connoisseurs where food is concerned.

Howard Dale Hixson, Los Angeles, Calif., Author, Has a Theory That No Hostess Need Worry About What to Serve Her Guest If She Knows His Birth Date. Whether Or Not You Believe in Astrology There Are Many Ideas for Varied Menus in the Accompanying Article.—The Editor.

A creamed soup, tournedos of beef Baltimore on toast, fried tomatoes, fresh mushrooms and Sauce Colbert is suggested. Include a salad but do not make it important. One born in this astrological classification is apt to be very fond of dessert. A home baked pie will win his praise.

GEMINI

Should the hostess find her expectant guest to be a Gemini born between May 22nd and June 22nd, she need not worry about preparing a fancy dinner. Members of this astrological group are easy to please and are usually lighter eaters. The hostess should fortify herself with witticism and be prepared with intellectual stimulants, as a Gemini considers social intercourse to be the essential point of a dinner.

A fruit juice cocktail, a generous leafy salad, followed by lamb or veal chops, with a baked potato. Frozen desserts offer a variety of choice.

Freedom and lightness should be the prevailing mood at this dinner.

CANCER

The Cancer guest, born between June 22nd and July 23rd will like a rich and well seasoned meal.

Serve a jellied consomme, breast of chicken under glass Eugenie on toast, ham and creamed mushrooms. The Cancer born guest likes a richer dessert. His sweet tooth can be happily gratified with a Bavarian cream.

Table service should be as elaborate as circumstances will permit. The inclusion of antique china or rare silver will not pass unnoticed.

LEO

The sign of Leo rules those born from July 23rd to August 23rd, and the hostess has two important rules to remember in planning a dinner for this guest. Simplicity and quality, is to the Leo subject, the keynote of successful dining.

A tomato juice cocktail will suffice as an appetizer. A special cut broiled Delmonico steak, fresh buttered string beans, an Idaho baked potato and mixed green salad. Instead of dessert, an imported cheese served with the coffee will be appreciated.

Keep the conversation jovial and light, relate an amusing episode to establish the party spirit. Your Leo guest likes gaiety, make him laugh and you will have won an admirer.

VIRGO

A hostess will find members of the next birthdate group quite sensitive in their selection of food. People born between August 23rd to September 23rd,

(Continued on Page 27)

IRISH COLCANNON

SURE AN' IT'S A DISH FIT FOR A KING

"I AM sending you an Irish recipe I have had for a long time," writes Adelia A. Halligan, Hagerstown, Maryland. "It is wholesome as well as delicious, and it was given me by an old Irish woman who had been a nurse in the Civil War.

"Cook one medium size head of cabbage until tender; drain well. Boil 8 medium size potatoes. Mash potatoes and cabbage together, as you would mash potatoes. Season with butter, pepper and salt to taste. (If liked two tablespoons of minced onion may be added.) Serve in a plain green vegetable dish, with a large lump of butter in the center, and a few sprigs of parsley. It is a dish fit for a king.

"If the man of the house wishes to cook this and not mess up the kitchen, he can cook ingredients together in one pot boiling the cabbage about 20 minutes before putting in the potatoes, then drain all well, mash and season.

"I enjoy your Housewife's Food Almanack very much. While some of the recipes are old ones they are new to some of us and something different."

(Mrs. Halligan, your Irish Colcannon was tried out in the Test Kitchen and well liked. It's an inexpensive but satisfying dish.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus, Roman Dictator in the 5th Century B. C. Ordered That Every Person Able to Bear Arms Should Eat Two Loaves of Bread Daily.

STONE JAR SOUP

IT WENT TO TEXAS IN A COVERED WAGON

"THIS recipe made the trip by covered wagon from Tennessee to Texas with my great grandmother in 1854," writes Miss Theimar Wyche, Shreveport, La. "I understand that she cooked it in an old stone jar buried in the coals at the back of her mud chimney. My grandmother used a stone jar, too, but I make it in a modern waterless cooker, and have reduced their time of cooking it by several hours. But in our family it is still known as Great Grandmother's Stone Jar Soup.

1 can peas	1 cup chopped carrots
1 onion sliced	4 cups chopped potatoes
1 clove garlic	3 quarts water
2 turnips sliced	½ cup chopped celery
¼ cup rice	Black pepper, salt to taste
1 can tomatoes	About ⅓ teaspoon allspice
1 bay leaf	Left over meat—steak, chicken or roast

"Boil the left over meat in the three quarts of water until it is reduced about a third, and the substance has cooked out and made broth. Let cool, discard bones, pour broth over vegetables that have been arranged in alternate layers in cooker. The soup steams instead of boils, and the flame should be cut so low that it is hardly burning. This should cook about two hours. My great grandmother's stone crock required five hours."

(Miss Wyche, your recipe for your great grandmother Stone Jar Soup and the accompanying letter regarding its history was most interesting. We are glad to add this pioneer soup to our files.—Mary Lee Swann)

In Elizabethan Days Every Englishman Carried a Knife in His Belt for Cutting His Bread and Meat in Case the Host Failed to Provide One.

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print, plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th St., New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

"DIFFERENT" CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE

IT CAN BE MADE WITHOUT CABBAGE, TOO

"OUR family dotes on corned beef but I got tired of serving it in the usual manner—sliced or hashed," writes Mrs. J. A. Penisten, Ada, Oklahoma. "I decided to experiment, and the result—well, we all think it's grand.

1 can corned beef	Salt, pepper
2 cups sliced cooked potatoes	Bread crumbs
1 small head cooked cabbage, chopped coarsely	Grated cheese
1 small can tomatoes (drain off part of liquid so dish won't be too juicy)	

"Chop corned beef coarsely. Cover the bottom of a baking dish with a layer of the meat. Alternately add a layer of potatoes, cabbage and tomatoes. Sprinkle salt and pepper over them. Continue alternating in this order till all the ingredients are used. Sprinkle the bread crumbs and cheese on top and bake in moderate oven till crumbs are evenly browned. If you don't like cabbage, omit it. You still have an appetizing dish."

(Mrs. Penisten, we are delighted to award a prize for this nourishing and inexpensive busy-day recipe. We asked several people to sample your dish for us when we tried it out in the Test Kitchen. They all liked it and asked for the recipe. That is the highest praise, it seems to me. One woman suggested that she would prefer to use strained thick tomato pulp because she didn't like the tomato seeds. However, that is a matter of taste. —Mary Lee Swann.)

The Ancient Egyptians Ate Pork Only During the Full Moon. The Poor, Not Being Able to Afford Pigs, Made Cakes of Dough in Their Shape.

SCOTCH GINGER-BREAD

GRANDMA SERVED IT WITH HER TEA

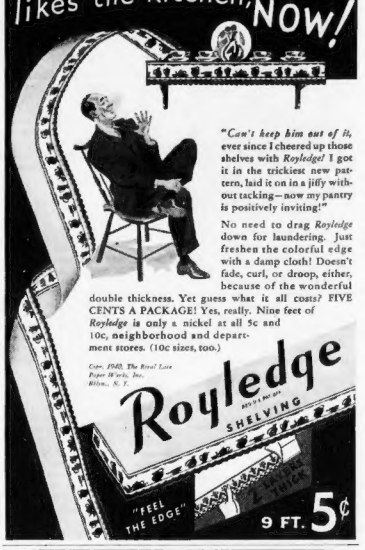
"THIS gingerbread is not the light and spongy kind, no indeed," writes Mae H. Smith, New Dorp, Staten Island, New York. "It is even more delicious. It cuts down like a cheese cake and I make it just as grandma did more than 60 years ago.

"Fill a large deep pan with sifted flour, making a deep depression in the flour. To one quart flour add one cup white granulated sugar, one teaspoon salt and cloves, ginger and cinnamon to taste. Sift. Melt one cup shortening (not butter), cool slightly and add to one cup molasses.

"Beat well. Stir one teaspoon baking soda into one cup buttermilk or sour milk. Add milk to molasses mixture. Now beat well again. Add quart flour and again beat. Pour this mixture into depression in flour in big pan. Add enough flour until mixture may be taken out by hand and moulded into iron dripping pan. I use the 10 by 16 by 2½-inch pan. Bake in slow oven. When slightly cooled, cover with thick layer of any cream cheese and serve cut into squares."

(Miss Smith, your old-fashioned Scotch Gingerbread is delicious. While it is being made its delightful aroma will recall childhood memories of mother and a big kitchen where cakes and cookies were bountifully prepared.—Mary Lee Swann.)

"MY HUSBAND likes the kitchen, NOW!"



"Can't keep him out of it, ever since I cheered up those shelves with Royledge! I got it in the trickiest new pattern, laid it on in a jiffy without tacking—now my pantry is positively inviting!"

No need to drag *Royledge* down for laundering. Just freshen the colorful edge with a damp cloth! Doesn't fade, curl, or droop, either, because of the wonderful double thickness. Yet guess what it all costs? FIVE CENTS A PACKAGE! Yes, really. Nine feet of *Royledge* is only a nickel at all 5c and 10c, neighborhood and department stores. (10c sizes, too.)

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What is Ry-Krisp? Ry-Krisp is an airy whole grain wafer ... looks like a cracker, tastes like toast. Identify it by the red-and-white checkerboard box and the name Ry-Krisp on every wafer.

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HAM WITH APRICOT FRITTERS

Delicious with other meats, too

1 No. 2 can apricots
1 egg
½ cup apricot juice
½ cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
Brown sugar
Cinnamon
1 slice ham (1¼ pounds), grilled or broiled

Drain apricot halves thoroughly. Beat egg slightly and add apricot juice. Then add flour and salt and beat until batter is smooth. Chill.

Dip apricot halves in batter and drop into deep hot Spry heated to 375° F. Fry until golden brown all over. (No unpleasant smell or smoke when you fry with purer Spry and such crispy, digestible foods.) Drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon. Serve as a border around a slice of grilled ham or whatever meat you are having. Serves 4 to 6. See what a hit these ring-golden fritters make. Use purer Spry for all your frying—baking, too.

(All measurements in this recipe are level)

—(Clip and save this Spry recipe)—

IN 6-LB., 3-LB., 1-LB. CANS

Fry the Spry way for extra-delicious, digestible foods

—and no unpleasant smell or smoke frying!

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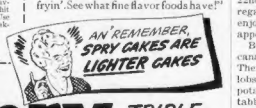

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ZODIAC MENUS

(Continued from Page 26)

may have a delicate digestive system. It is well to keep this fact in mind when planning the menu.

A vegetable juice cocktail, a simple health salad, fresh chicken livers, sauted in butter, will be acceptable. Coffee should be optional and dessert may be chosen from a variety of delectable baked custards.

Keep a tempo of harmony during the dinner hour. Arguments and heated discussions are considered adverse for the Virgo temperament.

LIBRA

Special attention given to the harmony in decoration and floral display will add to the gastronomic pleasure of your Libra born guest. Those born between September 23rd and October 23rd are very sensitive to environmental impressions while dining.

Frozen melon or grape fruit cocktail followed by fresh half spring chicken, disjointed, fried in butter, with French fried potatoes, a light salad and fancy rolls can be offered. Chilled berries in season with little cookies make an agreeable dessert.

SCORPIO

The Scorpio guest, born between October 23rd to November 22nd, takes a serious attitude regarding food. To be brief, he enjoys eating. So let us plan an appetizing and plentiful menu.

Begin the dinner with assorted canapes or a sea food cocktail. Then the large platter of broiled lobster and thermidor alumette potatoes, green salad and a vegetable au gratin. Dessert is relatively unimportant to the Scorpion, and with the elaborateness of the main course, the hostess can afford to be judicious and light in her selection.

SAGITTARIUS

The birthdate group, born from November 22nd to December 22nd is the philosophical Sagittarius. This guest may become so absorbed in the conversation that he will forget to eat. Unfortunately he may also become so interested in eating as to forget the art of conversation entirely. The happy hostess will avoid either of these extremes.

Now, the menu, a fruit cocktail, bouillon, a roast rack of spring lamb, green peas, melon or fruit for the dessert course.

CAPRICORN

Do not be offended if your Capricorn guest partakes of only a portion of his food. Many people who have birthdates between December 22nd and January 20th have eccentric appetites. If the Capricorn is stimulated by the taste of the potatoes he may ask for several helpings. Unfortunately this stimulation is not in balance with his gastronomic capacity, therefore, the elaborate salad may pass unnoticed.

For this reason we plan a simple but zestful menu, with hors d'oeuvres, a New York cut sirloin steak, shoe string potatoes, salad bowl, and a sherbet.

AQUARIUS

When it comes to planning for an Aquarian born guest, the hostess must exert her ingenuity and imagination. To assure the approval of those born from January 20th to February 19th you might serve some frozen fruit out of season. A casserole containing boiled breast of fowl, brisket of beef, Jardiniere of fresh vegetables, marrow balls, chives, in half and half of chicken and beef broth, served with cheese rolls, should prove attractive to them. Dessert should be a surprise and something unusual but not too sweet.

Friendly spontaneity should be the tempo of your Aquarian dinner. Fellow companions, sharing a friendly dinner, is to the group the height of enjoyment.

PISCES

Our last dinner guest is born, between February 19th to March 21st, in the zodiacal division of Pisces. Although not considered a heavy eater he is very sensitive to the seasoning in food and the way it is cooked. You will do well to plan a menu that includes assorted canapes, a thin soup, a finely chopped salad, Colorado Rainbow Trout, fried tomato, sliced fresh mushrooms, Julienne potatoes and a light, but sweet dessert.

The Piscian will appreciate music while dining more than the people of any other zodiacal classification. A light concert, either by phonograph or radio will suffice. These people love peace and relaxation while dining.

Appetizing Menus for the Week by MaryLee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Prunes, Cereal, Broiled Breakfast Bacon, Toasted Rolls, Jam, Milk or Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Bananas, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Crisp Rye Wafers, Coffee.	Oranges, Whole Grain Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Toasted Ice-Box Rolls, Coffee.	Grapefruit or Canned Berry Juice, Cereal, Creamed Codfish on Toast, Bacon, Coffee.	Canned Fruit or Orange Juice, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Toast, Milk or Coffee.	Fruit Cocktail, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Crisp Rye Wafers, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Navy Bean or Lentil Soup, Croutons, Sunshine Salad, One-Two-Three Dessert, Tea with Lemon.	Cream of Onion Soup, Toast, Shredded Cabbage Salad, Radish Dressing, Squash Tarts or Spread Fruit Pies, Tea.	Succotash, Fruit Salad, Mayonnaise, Ice-Box Rolls, Chocolate Sponge Roll, Tea.	Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Cottage Cheese and Date Salad, Buttermilk Biscuits, Rice Pudding, Tea.	Macaroni au Gratin, Cranberry Relish Salad, Bananas with Orange Gelatin, Tea.	Egg Noodles, Broiled Sausage and Broiled Apples, Mixed Salad Bowl, Fruit Trifle, Old-Fashioned Lemon Cookies, Tea.	Veal Cutlet with Curry, Steamed Rice, Green Asparagus or Green Peas, Tomato Jelly Salad, Ice-Box Rolls, Strawberry Delight, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Favorite Fruit Cocktail, Banana Meat Loaf, Whipped Potatoes, Creamed Turnips or Spiced Beets, Crisp Lettuce, French Dressing, Apricot Roll.	Fruit Juice Cocktail, Roast Pork with or without Barbecue Sauce, Broiled Sweet Potatoes, Cinnamon Apples, Spinach, Angel Layer Cake with Strawberry Gelatin Frosting.	Pineapple Juice or Tomato Juice, Smothered Calf Liver, Paprika Baked Potatoes, "Ten-Minute Cabbage, Raw Carrot Straws, Gherkins, Snowballs with Fruit Sauce.	Lamb Pie with Potato Crust, Grated Raw Carrot and Pineapple Salad, Mint Jelly, Icicle Pickles, Fruit Blancmange or Ambrosia Fruit Bowl.	Pine Bark Stew (Old-Fashioned), Corn Dodgers, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Mayonnaise, Apple Pie, Coffee.	Pineapple Spices, Virginia Sally Lunn, Cress Salad, Jellied Fruit with Custard Sauce.	Favorite Mixed Salad, French Bread, Cream Cheese, Old-Fashioned Lemon Cookies (Left-Over), Cocoa.

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers and The Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Please keep them short and to the point, and address: ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR, 235 East 45th St., New York.

STRAINER

A coffee strainer is a fine thing to strain hot starch through instead of a starch bag. It saves the hands from being burned.

Mrs. Frank E. Edwards, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

FRYING

A teaspoonful of vinegar, added to lard for frying, prevents the ingredients from absorbing too much fat.

Mrs. W. E. Gency, New Britain, Conn.

* * *

CAKE

When only a small amount of cake is wanted, cut parallel slices from center, then place the remaining "halves" together. This will keep them moist and soft for several days.

Mrs. H. Hicks Shank, Williamsport, Md.

* * *

COCOA

To prevent scum on cocoa, beat it well and remove from the fire when it is ready to boil. It is best not to boil the cocoa if it is made with milk.

Mrs. Walter Weriwas, Jr., North Charleroi, Pa.

* * *

GREENS

Plant a few roots of parsley in a flower pot for your kitchen window and you can have greens for cooking or garnish besides a pretty decoration.

Mrs. Ernest Nyquist, Galeton, Pa.

* * *

GRAVY

I keep a two-quart cracked fruit jar full of brown flour on hand always so when I wish to make gravy I do not have to take time to brown it.

Mrs. Earl D. McFarland, Chesterland, O.

* * *

SHAKERS

Cover the inside of metal tops of salt shakers with melted paraffin and punch holes before paraffin becomes set. Then the tops won't corrode.

Mrs. C. Triplett, Lubbock, Texas.

* * *

CREAMING

When creaming sugar and shortening for cake that calls for eggs as next addition, try a little of the beaten egg mixture to hasten the creaming.

Mrs. O. T. Wilson, Medford, Oregon.

* * *

SPOT

When using a sewing machine should you get machine oil on any material just place a blotter over the spot and iron over it to remove the oil.

Mrs. John B. Douglass, Washington, D. C.

* * *

SPRAY

A small spray gun, such as is used for fly spray is fine for oiling floors or furniture. Fill with furniture oil and spray any woodwork about once a week. Then a clean dust cloth and mop will soon have things shining.

Mrs Glen Byrd, Springer, New Mexico

* * *

MARKERS

Try clothes pins for markers. When drawer room is scarce, mark the children's things with their names on the pins. Bore holes in the ends and use to hang bills, lists and so on.

Mrs. J. V. Coffman, Oakland, Cal.

The old ads used to say

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

BUT WE SAY...

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Uses revolutionary, new, patented dental cleansing agent that's resulted in dentifrice sensation

Contains no abrasives of any kind. Cannot scratch tooth enamel.

IF you want a thrill such as you've never before experienced with any other dentifrice, brush your teeth next time with TEEL, Procter & Gamble's revolutionary new tooth cleanser.

Thousands of people from Fifth Avenue to Main Street are laying aside tooth pastes and powders to enjoy the beauty wonders of this startling new discovery.

Teel cleans and thereby helps brighten and beautify teeth in a wholly new way. It's not paste, not powder—but an exciting liquid with "Beauty in Every Drop"!

New, Patented Ingredient

Teel uses a newly-found dental cleansing agent that's fully protected by U. S. Patents. Not soap, yet it multiplies over 30 times in mouth. Gets into tiny crevices between teeth. Acts to wash away decaying food particles. Leaves mouth gloriously refreshed. Helps sweeten breath.

Safe as Water on Teeth

Teel works its beautifying wonders without use of pumice, grit or abrasives of any kind. It cannot scratch tooth enamel. Nor can it wear away softer parts of teeth if exposed by receding gums. Contains no harmful chemicals—no bleach. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

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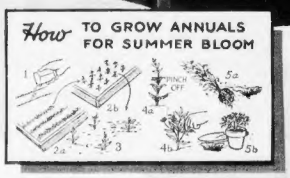

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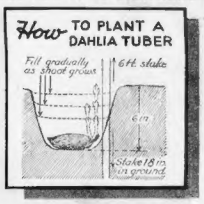

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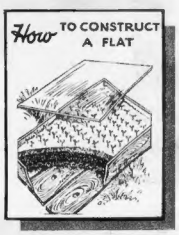

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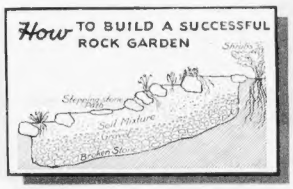

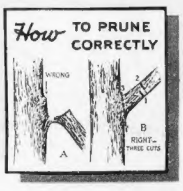

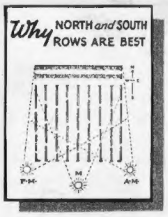

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